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Contents

The Week 273

Editorials
- The Road to European Security..... 277
- Economic Law and the Farm Crisis..... 279
- The Lawless Judge..... 281

General Articles
- The Pilgrimage of Henry James..Edmund Wilson 283
- Is the Pound Overvalued?.....J. M. Keynes 286
- Riddle (verse).....Stephen Vincent Benét 287
- Barbados (verse).....Grace Hazard Conkling 287
- A White, White Rose for Mother..... Florence Guy Seabury 288
- The Burning Bush (verse).....Marian Storm 289
- Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 290
- George M. Cohan.....Gilbert Seldes 291

A Communication..... 292

Correspondence 293

Bipedologically Speaking.....Robert Littell 294

Reviews of Books
- Mandeville Redivivus.....Robert Morss Lovett 295
- Main Themes and Criticism.....C. E. Ayres 296
- The Newspaper Headline.....Robert L. Duffus 297
- The Red Clyde.....George Soule 298
- Ossendowski on Russia.....Henry B. Fuller 299
- Sidelights of the Revolution.....H. J. Eckenrode 300

The Week

IT WOULD be foolish to underrate the obviously unpleasant significance of von Hindenburg's election as President of the German Republic. By a small plurality the German people have testified that, if they dared, they would prefer the Empire to the Republic and a régime of authority to a régime of popular liberty and parliamentary government. The French people expressed a similar preference when by an overwhelming majority they elected Louis Napoleon President of the Second Republic. The declaration of this preference by the German people comes at an unfortunate moment. Critical negotiations are pending among Germany, France and Great Britain, and the election of a President who represents monarchism and aggressive nationalism will warm up French fears and suspicions and increase the difficulty of reaching a satisfactory settlement. Yet considering the circumstances the German people have some excuse for missing their step. Under the Empire they came to be the dominant power in Europe and could flourish every popular excuse for self-satisfaction and self-esteem. Under the Republic they have endured five years of unexampled privation, humiliation, suffering and ineffectual resentment. The wonder is not that Marx was beaten but that he ran so close to von Hindenburg.

THE successful candidate is, however, something more than the symbol of the past triumphs of the German Empire. He is the national military hero, who saved Germany from the horrors of the Russian invasion in the fall of 1914 and who, after the war was lost, remained at his post and performed unflinchingly the painful duty of demobilizing the army and liquidating the defeat. Since his retirement he has conducted himself with dignity and self-restraint and, unlike so many of his military colleagues, has refrained from agitating or conspiring against the Republic. He seems to be a simple-minded, honest, business-like soldier, who has been accustomed to take orders and who is devoid of political experience and ability. The chief danger is that he may become the tool of plausible monarchist politicians who are not as honest and as scrupulous as he and may tempt him on an apparently favorable occasion to lend himself to some monarchist intrigue or demonstration against the Republic.

PROBABLY, however, von Hindenburg's election will have a smaller net effect on European and German politics than most observers anticipate. There is for the present only one course for the German nation to pursue. If it is to survive and escape still more terrible sufferings, it will have to work hard and save as much as it can out of its earnings in the hope of recovering its economic efficiency and of demonstrating to the world its good faith and its moral self-possession. The outlook is very far from cheerful, and we do not wonder that almost half of the German voters declare in so many words that they do not like it and would refuse if they dared, though as they all admit, refusal would be suicidal. The sensible nationalists realize the necessity for the present of doing their utmost to live up to the demands of the Dawes plan. Their success in electing

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von Hindenburg will not alter any of the inexorable facts which will not during the next few years permit the German people to stray from the straight and narrow path. The most powerful man in Germany from now on will not be von Hindenburg or Luther or Stresemann but a young American lawyer and financier, named S. Parker Gilbert. It is he who will issue the marching orders which the German people will have to obey.

THE significance of von Hindenburg's election is, consequently, chiefly sentimental, but its importance must not on that account be underestimated. The German people will probably feel more independent and self-respectful because they have dared to defy their friends and their enemies abroad by electing a candidate of their own choice instead of doing what they were told would be good for them to do. No doubt they will pay for their indulgence in this compensatory nationalism. They have provided the French politicians with a perfect pretext for treating them rough, and during the critical negotiations of the next few months the French will take full advantage of the opportunity. The prospect for a negotiated peace is not encouraging, and the alternative thereto looks intolerable. Yet we refuse to believe that the outlook is actually as discouraging as it sometimes seems. During the last year the Germans with assistance from this country and England have struggled out of an apparently hopeless economic and political morass. They are recovering possession of some of the qualities which ten years ago had made them the most industrious, the most feared and, in technical matters, the most progressive nation in Europe. It is hard to see how, but somehow they will, we believe, manage to continue their recovery. Although they may have to reconstruct Europe economically and politically in order to make themselves secure and prosperous, the spur of necessity may stimulate them to accomplish even that.

THE grave situation produced by the election of von Hindenburg is rendered even graver by the situation in the Balkans. Even the official propaganda from Sofia has now abandoned the pretense that the uprising in Bulgaria is exclusively a Communist plot inspired and financed by Moscow. The Tsankov government now divides the blame among the Russian Communists, Jugoslavia, and the agrarian followers of former Premier Stambuliski whom it unjustly accuses of being extreme radicals. While no one at a distance can say accurately just what forces are at work, it seems fairly clear that the chief struggle is between the agrarians and the reactionary military clique which has held the reins since Stambuliski was assassinated. It is true that Moscow would undoubtedly be glad to see the Tsankov government overthrown. It is true that a war between Jugoslavia and Bulgaria is by no means impossible. But the internal situation in the latter country would be quite sufficient by itself to account for everything that has yet happened.

ALL PARTIES, in all Balkan countries, are in the habit of taking human life with a casualness which the western world views, or professes to view, with horror. This fact does not excuse, however, the reign of terror which the Tsankov government has set up. While some of the reports from Bulgaria are obviously wild rumor, and should not be accepted without verification, enough reliable news is available to indicate that under the rule of martial law thousands of persons are being arrested without warrants, some of whom are being tortured to extract "confessions" and the names of "accomplices." Many persons have been executed, virtually or entirely without trial, and it is a moral certainty that among them innocent persons have lost their lives. One has to go back to the Spanish Inquisition, or indeed to St. Bartholomew's Day, to get a parallel in Western Europe for the fiendish cruelty of which the Tsankov government is guilty. It has lost all right to be considered a civilized government of civilized men; and by its merciless employment of noose and gun it tacitly confesses the justice of the revolt against it.

A MONTANA jury has reaffirmed the verdict of a Senate committee, and declared Senator Wheeler innocent of the charge brought by the government against him. He is still to be tried in the District of Columbia for conspiracy, but since the evidence in this case is practically identical with that in the Montana trial, a similar outcome may be expected —if indeed the trial is ever held. The comment has been widely made that it is unfair in any event to try a group of Montana men in a court two thousand miles from their homes, when all important records and witnesses must be transported that distance. Justice Stone, as Attorney General, asked for the indictment on the assumption that the government has a good case. But he also, and for the same reason, approved the Montana indictment in which, as all the world sees, the government had next to no case at all.

IT IS impossible to review the history of the proceeding against Senator Wheeler without concluding that he has been, and is being, most unfairly treated. Our readers will remember that the original indictment against him came at the time when, as "prosecutor" for the Brookhart committee, he was making most damaging revelations against the members of the "Ohio Gang" ensconced in the Department of Justice. G. B. Lockwood, editor of the National Republican and a member of the Republican National Committee, employed a press agent named Blair Coan to go to Montana and look into Wheeler's record, the plain and obvious purpose being to try to "get something on him" by which he could be bullied into dropping the inquiry, or by

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which a counter-fire could be started which would divert public attention. The charge that the Senator had violated the law by appearing on behalf of a client, Gordon Campbell, before a department of the United States Government, was the result of Coan's activities.

HOW FLIMSY was this case, is now apparent. It rested almost entirely on the testimony of a New York lawyer, George B. Hayes, that the Senator had asked him to serve as a dummy in the hearings before the Department of the Interior, and had promised to share with him very large profits, perhaps "millions." Senator Wheeler flatly denied the story, which is highly improbable on its face in view of the disproportion between reward and service. He stated that he had never met Hayes until the latter was called as a witness before the Brookhart committee. The jury chose to accept his statement, and thereby branded that of Hayes as false. The whole episode leaves the Department of Justice with a great deal to explain. Unless we are much mistaken, its officials will be put under strong pressure to make that explanation, in the next few months.

IF THE recent exhibition of the regional planners in New York did nothing else, it injected into the public mind the smallest germ of a suspicion that the unlimited growth of cities is not the most desirable end of community life. The absurdities that exist we are accustomed to, but when the population curves are extended into the future and the city planners try to keep up with them by double and triple-decked streets, still larger sky-scrapers, and unimaginable transportation densities, we can see the joke. "Watch Millville grow" may become obsolete and it is just possible that "Watch New York stand still" may become the slogan. For an exposition of the possible alternative to increasing concentration of population we recommend the remarkable series of articles and illustrations in the regional planning number of The Survey Graphic. If this excellent issue does not profoundly stir the imaginations of persons interested in social questions we shall be much surprised, since it illuminates the very centre of problems usually attacked on the periphery. Overcrowding, recreation, housing, transit, rising cost of living, railroads, conservation, giant power—all these and other public questions are interwoven in the task of developing the geographical basis of a good life for the American people.

WHEN THE high Fordney-McCumber tariff was adopted, much was said about taking the tariff out of politics and making adjustments "scientific" by giving the Tariff Commission authority to investigate production costs and make recommendations for revision. The first important recommendation of the sort, for a reduction of 30 percent in the sugar industry, has now lain in the President's office for nine months without publication or approval. Commissioner Lewis, who signed the report, was recently succeeded by a man with different views on the tariff, and now Commissioner William S. Culbertson, having refused the proffer of a place on the Federal Trade Commission, the Ambassadorship to Mexico and the Ministry to China, has at length been induced to accept the Ministry to Rumania. Thus is the Republican promise of the substitution of science for politics redeemed. But, as we have already learned from Secretary Mellon, when the Republicans use the word "scientific" in relation to economic matters, they mean merely a policy which is favorable to the profit-makers. Politics itself is, in the simple mind of Mr. Coolidge, the science of giving business everything it wants.

ROBERT E. PEARY, we are now told by a Canadian explorer, did not reach the true North Pole. At all events, the evidence by which he identified the Pole was insufficient. But precisely what difference does this make? No one denies that Peary reached the immediate vicinity of the Pole and no one claims that a closer identification has any importance either for science or for sportsmanship. So far as the interests of scientists extend, the six-hundred-mile line of oceanographic observations which Peary threw across the Arctic Ocean has the greatest possible value and the presumed arrival at the polar spot, on a floe of constantly shifting ice, no value at all. So far as sportsmen are concerned, moreover, the achievement lies in the successful completion of the trip of which the Pole is only the more or less incidental goal. Stefansson has paid the highest tribute to Peary for his ingenuity and mental flexibility in adapting himself to the conditions of polar travel. From this point of view his two major discoveries were the superiority of Eskimo clothing and housing to anything Europeans had been able to devise, and his recognition that the winter is the safest period for travel over the ice pack. The actual dash to the Pole was little more than a register of these broader accomplishments. Captain Bernier's scepticism is therefore hardly a scratch upon the surface of Peary's reputation.

THE best friends of private ownership of public utilities often give their opponents the strongest arguments for public ownership. U. S. Circuit Judge Robert E. Lewis has recently decided that a five-cent fare limitation inserted in the franchise of the Denver Tramway at the initiative of the company itself is illegal and void, and that a subsequent six-cent fare ordinance is confiscatory. He fixed a valuation of the property higher than that determined by a special master after seven months of hearing and argument, although this in turn was considerably higher than any figure presented by the city's experts. He fixed an accrued depreciation of only 11.14 percent, although the master had fixed

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it at 15 percent and the competent experts of the city had argued that it must be at least 50. The valuation amounts to 37.7 cents per revenue passenger carried, against 9.18 cents for the Detroit Municipal Railway, and values ranging no higher than 22.9 cents for cities like Cleveland, Montreal, Seattle, San Francisco, Milwaukee and Chicago. In fact, the valuation per passenger approximates that of the Boston system with its expensive elevated and subway structures. On this high valuation he allowed a return of 7½ percent, thus taxing each passenger 2.83 cents for return on the capital alone. This is from twice to four times as much as the capital charges on the other surface railways mentioned.

JUDGE LEWIS reached these results after ruling out the testimony of Delos F. Wilcox, who had charge of the financial side of the case for the city, on the ground that he was not a trained engineer and had never constructed or operated a street railway. Obviously, the most subservient public utility employe could qualify under this test, though it excluded the man who had been chief of the Bureau of Franchises of the Public Service Commission in New York City, which negotiated the dual subway contracts, the man who had made extensive studies of municipal franchises, and who had been employed in numerous important capacities the nation over as an expert on public utilities and their valuation. Dr. Milo R. Maltbie, for many years a prominent member of the New York Public Service Commission, was not allowed by the master to testify concerning the principles of valuation, on the ground that these were questions for the court to decide and were not a proper subject for expert testimony. If the above and many other curious events in these proceedings do not furnish a good argument against the efficacy of utility regulation under the vicissitudes of judicial review, we do not know a good argument when we see it. No conceivable amount of "governmental inefficiency" in a publicly owned system could create as heavy a burden on the public as such safeguarding of private property.

IT TAKES a singularly naïve person to believe in the efficacy of international conferences merely as such. A conference may do a great deal of good; or, unskilfully managed or held at the wrong time, it may do grave damage. This is particularly true, of course, of conferences between governments; but also holds good as regards those in which societies or individuals participate. On the other hand, it is difficult to see how progress toward international understanding can be achieved except by increasing use of conferences both official and private. The "trial and error" method is the only way by which the proper methods may be worked out. Improvement in technique will then come rapidly; indeed, a considerable advance in understanding of the art has been noted during the "era of conferences."

THESE reflections are brought to mind by consideration of the Pan-Pacific Conference which will be held at Honolulu during the coming summer. Such a conference, it is obvious, runs some risk of making a grave situation graver; and on the other hand, if successful, should produce lasting benefits in the form of mutual understanding. So far as can be judged in advance, those who are promoting the meeting are laying their plans in a way which makes a happy outcome seem altogether likely.

SEVEN nations, the names of which have not yet been made public, are to participate; and all questions which affect international relations, of whatever character, will be discussed. The delegation from each country will be on an equal footing with all others; the imposing array of American scholars and public men who are on the committee of arrangements are acting in an advisory capacity only. Foremost specialists in international relations, history, law, commerce, etc., from each country are being invited to attend. Each national group is preparing documentary material which is to be translated and made available to members of all other delegations in advance of the meeting. At the latter, set speeches are to be eliminated in favor of round table discussions. No attempt will be made to reach "conclusions" or to formulate a program of "immediate action." Finally, the proceedings will be carried through with a minimum of publicity—a wise provision which every honest advocate of open diplomacy must approve who has seen how often the white light of public attention blinds the eyes of delegates and makes it impossible for them to see another's point of view. All in all, the provisions for the Honolulu conference contain so much commonsense that they sound almost too good to be true. If carried out as planned it should do much toward relieving a situation which, as everyone knows, at present contains gravely dangerous potentialities.

THE announcements of the Conference which have come to hand do not say whether Russia is among the seven countries which have been invited to send a delegation. We trust she is. The absurdity of trying to settle Pacific questions while leaving out a country which has so heavy a stake in them was demonstrated in the Washington Conference of 1921. Since that time Russia's importance in the Pacific has considerably increased. She has resumed full official relations with Japan and China, and has developed great influence over the latter country. The Honolulu gathering will be entirely unofficial; and therefore, the fact that our government has not yet recognized that of Moscow should not prevent participation of delegations from both countries. If the Russians are absent, the atmosphere of hollow unreality will, we feel sure, be patent to every open-minded observer, as it has been under similar circumstances in the past.

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AARON SAPIRO, well known as an authority on coöperative marketing of agricultural products, has brought suit against Henry Ford's Dearborn Independent for $1,000,000 for libel. The Dearborn Independent has charged Mr. Sapiro with being part of a conspiracy of international Jewish bankers which is seeking to gain control of all important economic activities, and Mr. Sapiro's libel suit is by way of being his answer to the accusation. American juries and judges have a habit of not taking libel cases very seriously; even when they find for the plaintiff, it is their jocose custom to award a verdict of six cents or so. At the same time, Mr. Sapiro's libel suit may serve a useful purpose. This particular publisher also happens to be one of the world's richest men, and a person with pronounced ideas of his own, some of which are extremely good sense and some as far as possible from that category. His riches and prestige ought not to give him a general exemption from the necessity of having a reasonable basis of common sense for his public statements; and no one who knows Mr. Sapiro and the excellent work he has done for his clients, the farmers who produce various specialized crops, can believe there is the slightest basis for the Dearborn Independent's accusations. The libel suit, if the newspapers give it the amount of publicity which usually accompanies all of Mr. Ford's excursions into the limelight, should provide the American public with some useful information on several themes.

THE FEDERATED PRESS is performing a valuable service in calling attention to a circular issued last February by Raymond F. Crist, Commissioner of Naturalization, to naturalization agents throughout the country. The gist of the instructions contained in the circular is that the naturalization of aliens whose families have continued to reside abroad is to be opposed on the ground that such lonely domicile does not constitute legal residence. However long a foreigner may have lived here, however sincere his intention of assimilating himself as an American, he continues to be a legal resident, and must remain the citizen, of that region where his family reside. The authority for this strange ruling is Assistant Secretary of Labor Henning, who claims to have found the principle implicit in "the common law of the United States and the common law of the world." Some of the corollaries of this principle are most interesting. If, for instance, a man's wife declines to move, then—under "the common law of the world"—her husband cannot, except as a permanently disfranchised alien. Furthermore, under another of our own enlightened immigration policies, the family of the lonely and ineligible alien are placed at a disadvantage when and if they do wish to enter the United States. Being relatives of a complete (and compulsory) alien, they fall in the deferred group as applicants for admission to the country. The upshot would seem to be that under the Henning-Crist régime, immigrants can enter the United States only wife-end foremost.

The Road to European Security

> Ever since peace was signed, no less than when war was still being waged, Europe has been ranged in two camps, divided as were the combatants in the war. Fear, haunting, restless, brooding fear, haunts the councils of every nation and the homes of every Continental people, fear that warps the judgment and affects the policy, which leads to irritating acts, to fresh provocations, which renews day by day the offences of the war, the bitterness of the war, the rancours of war. If this continues, sooner or later Europe will march to a new Armageddon . . . and a generation which has to pay the penalty of that unnecessary war will judge harshly the statesmen of today who failed to take in time the measures by which it might be prevented.—*From a recent speech by Austin Chamberlain.*

THE savage assassinations and the bloodthirsty reprisals which have recently taken place in Bulgaria throw a momentous glare of light on the fierce conflicts and the appalling disorder which underlie the fabric of society and government in eastern Europe. None of the eastern European peoples except perhaps the Czechoslovaks can as yet boast of a government which represents stable adjustment either among economic classes and national groups within the state or between the interests of any one particular state and those of its neighbors. Bulgaria, as a twice defeated and despoiled nation, is deprived to an unusual extent of the self-possession, the positive opportunities and the hope for the future which are necessary to national equilibrium, but her neighbors are all suffering from a less acute form of the same moral and political disease.

The revolutionary and official violence in Bulgaria is a compensation for the mortification and chagrin of the Bulgarian people over the sorry outcome of their once flourishing prospects of national expansion. They are venting on one another the rage which they feel toward their foreign enemies and oppressors. Yet the terms of this domestic conflict are not unique. Throughout the whole of eastern Europe there is a feud between peasantry who work the soil and either the owners of large estates, when there are any estates left, or a governing middle class which lives in the cities.

In the case of Hungary the government is an admitted class dictatorship. It represents those groups in the community which are opposed to agrarian reform and committed to a policy of reuniting to Hungary their fellow nationals who have been subjected to alien governments. Jugoslavia is torn by a conflict between the peaceful peasantry of Croatia and the more nationalist and

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politically ambitious Serbs. Rumania has heavy scores to settle with both Hungary and Russia, and the pulse of her domestic politics beats uneasily and uncertainly. Finally, the condition of Poland is probably more precarious and dangerous than that of any of the eastern European states. The morale of its internal government is apparently improving, but it is almost surrounded by neighbors who resent bitterly and justifiably the frontiers drawn by the recent treaties.

Europe is, consequently, aghast at the danger to which the political and social structure is exposed. At almost any time, but probably within a comparatively few years, a conflagration may start which will be seized and propagated by the many inflammable and vindictive economic and national groups in all countries, and which is likely to result in an unmanageable and barbarous mixture of class and international warfare. There are few precedents which indicate how desperate such a warfare may become or what its consequences may be, but the recent happenings in Bulgaria are a revelation of the spirit in which, if it occurs, it may well be conducted. European statesmen realize the danger. They are anxiously casting about for some adequate means of dealing with it.

As yet they have not, for one sufficient reason, made much headway. They conceive the peril to social order in Europe chiefly as the result of the threatened inability of the friends of security and order to protect society against threatened outbreaks of anarchy, violence and social dissolution. They are laboring to create a more effective mechanism of social insurance which can invoke the assistance of all governments and good citizens as soon as any conflagration is started. This effort to pull themselves together is the explanation of the almost universal approbation and support which the Protocol of Geneva received on the Continent. Those European states which have benefitted by the treaties of peace or stand to gain nothing as the result of an upheaval are ready to contribute all their military and economic power to a common pool which will be used to extinguish any conflagration which threatens to become dangerous. By making adequate arrangements to suppress disorder they hope to avoid the much more perplexing and costly job of dealing with its causes. The aspect of the Protocol to which they have attached most importance is precisely the creation of a reserve of power, large and mobile enough to overwhelm promptly and implacably all disorderly enterprises.

Desirable as some such organization for general security is, it obviously cannot succeed if it is used only as an instrument of suppression. It must make more allowance than it now does for the existence of serious grievances and for the instability caused by the rise or fall of economic and political groups. The condition of Europe is insecure, not because the countries of eastern Europe are the victims of a malign conspiracy against public order, but because the war and the treaties of peace undermined the former foundations of domestic and international government in that part of the world without establishing in their place any sufficient substitute. Before the war the Russian, German and Austro-Hungarian Empires had come into existence and survived chiefly in order to curb the latent national class conflicts to which the peoples of that region were addicted. A Protocol which enforced international decrees against a violator of the peace by irresistible military sanctions would in substance merely inherit the task formerly performed by the three Empires. It would set up an international dictatorship whose ultimate sanction, like that of the three Empires, would be force, and which would have to consider discontented national or economic groups as the enemies of order. Inevitably an international system of this kind would depend for its strength in particular communities upon the support of those classes, if any, whose continuance in power depended on the suppression of grievances and the association between order and reaction. In the vanquished states, such as Hungary, Bulgaria and Germany, these classes would consist of aggressive nationalists who were themselves ready to overthrow the present international order by violence whenever a promising opportunity offered.

Obvious difficulties of this kind in part explain the reluctance of Great Britain to adhere to a Protocol which depended for its effectiveness so essentially upon military and economic sanctions. She could not afford to place her vast naval and economic resources at the disposal of a league of Continental governments which might be obliged to vindicate law and order at the expense of liberty and justice. Yet the British government finds it equally impossible to adopt merely a negative and dissenting attitude. The Protocol, like the insecurity which it attempted to cure, is born of the actual existence of grim necessities and grievous dangers which responsible statesmen cannot ignore. The danger of international anarchy is so serious that the continental governments will almost certainly move in the direction of an international organization of force unless something is done to relieve the strains and assuage the grievances which have created throughout Europe such an acute sense of impending catastrophe.

Manifestly there is only one way in which these grievances and strains can be relieved. France and Great Britain must encourage in the minds of the vanquished peoples some hope of an honest reconsideration of the ill-treatment which they received in the treaties of peace. The British government has already acted on this idea by proposing to include Germany in its negotiations with France over the terms of a possible security compact. The significance of the proposal is immense and unmistakable. It means practically the reopening of negotiations with Germany in the interest of a settlement of the

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issues to which the German people can really consent. It means, let us hope, the abandonment of the practice of dictating to Germany what she must do on the pain of being invaded or starved unless she humbly consents. It means, perhaps, the beginning of a serious attempt to associate order in Europe with a body of international law which will be applied equitably to both victors and vanquished. For if a security compact among France, Great Britain and Germany is signed, the license of France to use her irresistible military power to coerce Germany will be very much curtailed.

Should negotiation be substituted for dictation in the future relationship between the western powers and Germany, the beneficial effect of alteration would immediately be felt throughout eastern Europe. One reason why the structure of government and society is so insecure in the eastern part of the Continent is that the western powers have hitherto treated the thriftiest, most capable and orderly nation in middle Europe as an outlaw, and deprived it of any stake in the stability of the existing international order. They cannot increase security in eastern and central Europe without enlisting Germany on the side of government. For the purpose of enlisting Germany on the side of government, France will in the end have to make concessions which would now seem intolerable, but for the present the French can obtain an immense increase in the general feeling of security at what looks like a small price. Germany will absolutely guarantee the existing frontier between herself and France and she will bind herself not to try to change the frontier between herself and Poland by military force. The significance of an agreement to this effect with Germany in return for the future recognition by France of Germany's right to be consulted about her own fate would do more to bring back security to Europe than a Protocol enforced by drastic military sanctions. For the prevailing insecurity is caused fundamentally by the forcible imposition of an outrageously unjust peace on the vanquished, and the additional collection and mobilization of force will not allay it. Nothing will allay it except the substitution of negotiation with the vanquished for dictation to them, the result being that they also will have some interest in protecting social order against revolutionary or nationalist violence.

Economic Law and the Farm Crisis

IN the wilderness prophets are crying that America is facing a grave agricultural crisis. Financial writers in comfortable offices are assuring us that all is really well with the farmer. In most of the country, they say, the farmer prospers. Where he does not prosper, he is operating—or existing—in defiance of economic law. Presently he will refrain from one or the other, to the advancement of the greatest good of the greatest number. Those of us who live in cities and towns, too busy with our own affairs to have time for independent agronomic studies, do not know whether to believe the prophets of evil or the exponents of optimism. It is more comfortable to be reassured than to be terrorized, and most of us take kindly to comfort.

There is, however, a disquieting consideration we cannot wholly keep out of our minds. At various times and in various countries agriculture has gone to the dogs, quite in conformity to economic law, and the city dwellers, including the financial authorities and the gifted historians, have been unaware of what was going on, until it was too late to do anything about it. Roman historians discovered after the event that the huge capitalistic plantation had ruined Italy. After the event British historians discovered that the rich landowner's sheep had devoured the British yeomanry and had destroyed forever the healthy balance of country and city life. It required a French Revolution to knock the state of the peasantry into the heads of the cultivated classes of the Ancient Régime. We may flatter ourselves that today, with our excellent machinery for collecting information, no very grave change can take place without our knowledge. But that depends on our capacity for interpreting the facts.

It is known to all the world that the general tone of our wheat producing states is very different from that which prevailed around 1900. In 1900 the number of farmers was increasing, the area of cultivated land was extending, farm land prices were rising, the local merchants and bankers were prosperous. Life was buoyant and full of hope. Now, for several years the same region has been uttering a dirge of discontent. Hundreds of thousands of men have left the farms and other hundreds of thousands are virtually bankrupt. In wide areas lands are unsalable, and the local banks are paralyzed with "frozen credits"—often credits that are actually stone dead. These, some of our economists say, are consequences of overproduction. We have too many farmers, especially too many wheat farmers, and the forces driving them to the cities are beneficent if harsh. The farms are overmortgaged, and the price of land is too high to permit the tenant farmer to step up the ladder into ownership. But this situation, the economists assert, will correct itself in time.

This looks like common sense. But it is easy to overlook the fact that one of the most common consequences of economic law is the generation of vicious circles. When the price of wheat is too low the farmer in the Northwest ought to put less land in wheat and go in for hay and dairying. But this requires capital, which he cannot command after a succession of years with low wheat prices. Wheat is even at worst a cash crop, and the farmer who has lost on it one year is practically forced to gamble on it again. This is even more strikingly true of the

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cotton farmer, who depends, as a rule, on credit to carry him for a great part of the year. He can meet his obligations and get a fresh start on the next year only if he produces a cash crop, and cotton is the only crop he is sure to realize on immediately. The result is that the worse the price of cotton, the greater is the dependence of the farmer on this particular crop. It is all very well to advise him to diversify his production and raise more livestock, but he can't do it. The banks and stores which carry him can't afford to let him diversify, because the increase in value of livestock is no such tangible asset as a growing crop of cotton.

The wheat and cotton producers are ringed around by vicious circles. So also are the tobacco farmers and, in many instances, the dairy farmers and the producers of corn and hogs. The vicious circle presents itself in all manner of relations. Land values in a given section go beyond the reach of the cultivator. He becomes a tenant, and the fields run down under his hands. By the time the price of land falls it has deteriorated and is still too dear; the tenant also has deteriorated and is farther than ever from having the ability to establish himself as a landowner. Where tenancy has been longest established, as in the South Atlantic States, a permanent caste of landless men appears. An intensive study of three typical counties of North Carolina, compiled by Professors Carl C. Taylor and C. C. Zimmerman, shows that 75 percent of the landless farmers are the sons of landless farmers. Land is relatively cheap in North Carolina and most of it would respond generously to good farming. As a rule it is farmed badly by men who live miserably and are entailing their misery upon their sons and their sons' sons.

It is a complacent delusion that the evils under which the farmers suffer are inevitably self-correcting. Economic law of the laissez faire order is more apt to cull the dynamic elements out of an agricultural population and to transform our countryside into a horrible rural slum than to establish a sound balance of rural and urban employments. We have been blinded to this situation by the possession of immense resources of virgin lands. In our older states men who were not content with the landless status had only to go West and take up free lands whose advance in value would compensate them for the hardships of pioneering.

Our free lands are gone. Most of the virgin fertility has been skimmed. The present generation is confronted with the alternative of applying a new statecraft to the development of rural life or of leaving it in happy-go-lucky fashion to the vicious circles of "economic law."

An adequate statecraft will recognize that farming, though an industry, is a peculiar industry. In steel manufacture only a relatively small proportion of the personnel needs a general command of the technique of the industry. A still smaller proportion needs to be versed in the laws of the market. It would not be fatal to the industry if most of the men in it met the specifications laid down by a great steel manufacturer—strong backs and weak heads. In farming the technique of production and knowledge of the markets must be widely diffused. Mr. David R. Coker of Hartsville, S. C., grows practically as much long staple cotton on an acre as the cheaper short staple. He grows almost as much cotton under boll weevil conditions as he would have grown if the boll weevil had never appeared. A comparable improvement in steel technique would instantly be applied to the industry as a whole. In farming its dissemination depends on the responsiveness of hundreds of thousands of minds operating independently, and this responsiveness in turn depends on their quality—natural abilities and training. Cull out the best of the rural population and there will be practically no response at all to improvements in technique.

A farm is an investment, no doubt, but an adequate statecraft will recognize that it is a peculiar investment. The farm is at once a piece of productive property, the basis of an employment, and a home, while a railway bond or an apartment house is only the first of these. The loss of a farm is a far more serious matter than the loss of an equivalent value in stocks or city realty. A wise state will go to far greater lengths in regulating the conditions of purchase and sale, hypothecation, leasing of farms, than of property whose significance is bounded by its income yielding capacity.

Our industrial system was founded upon an unrestrained individualism. Until recently, at any rate, it was assumed that every individual can best take care of himself. Here again the farmer's position is peculiar. Before he can reach his markets he is compelled to run the gauntlet of powerful organizations, the railways, the millers and packers, the cotton spinners and the tobacco companies. As an individual he is subject to exploitation limited only by such halting control as may be exercised by government. Only where the farmers are compactly organized in coöperative societies, as in Denmark, are they in a position to hold their own among the gigantic forces of modern economic life.

America cannot afford to follow the example of England in subordinating agriculture to industry. There is no room in the world for an additional industrial power living on imported food supplies. Our national life requires a sound and prosperous agriculture. Our farming system, built up on the exploitation of immense resources of virgin land, has hitherto provided more than enough for our requirements. But our past experience does not justify complacency. We have lived on the fat of the land, trying it out as if it were unlimited. We have exploited the pioneering instinct as if there would forever be opportunity for pioneering. It behooves us now to take longer views than those represented by laissez faire economic law.

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The Lawless Judge

MANY influences, carefully fostered by persistent propaganda, have erected our judges, particularly the Federal judiciary, into a sacred priesthood. Public criticism of their conduct, even when it involves obvious public interests and not merely decisions on purely technical questions, has been rendered increasingly difficult by the subservience of the press. An attitude of idolatry which supports the judiciary as the most dependable safeguard of things as they are, regards scrutiny of the courts as attacks on the holy of holies and critics like Roosevelt and La Follette as traitors to the Republic. The press, confining criticisms largely to Congressional activities, has thus largely become atrophied as an adequate commentator on the terrific part the courts play in the Nation's affairs. And so we need not wonder that newspapers receive with silence the rebuke of four Federal judges by the Supreme Court itself for conduct characterized as "harsh," unfair" and "oppressive" —the same press that so vociferously applauded the Craig decision over a year ago.

The abusive exercise of the tyrannical power to punish for contempt has at last aroused the Supreme Court to check the exuberance of the lower Federal courts. The facts are set forth at length in the opinion of the Chief Justice in the case of Cooke vs. United States, decided April 13, speaking for a unanimous court. Clay Cooke was the attorney of a litigant named Walker, who was defendant in a series of suits before the United States District Court at Fort Worth, Texas. After a heavy verdict against him, while the matter was still before Judge Wilson, Walker by direction of Cooke delivered to Judge Wilson, in the privacy of his chamber, a letter signed by Cooke, in which the latter accused the Judge of personal prejudice against Walker and asked Judge Wilson not to act in the other cases pending against Walker. This happened on February 15, 1923. Eleven days later Judge Wilson ordered the arrest of Cooke and Walker. After a brutal travesty of a trial, to the facts of which we shall at once return, Judge Wilson, the same day, sentenced both Cooke and Walker to jail for thirty days—having first been admonished by his counsel acting as "friend of the court," against the legality of adding a fine of five hundred dollars included in the original sentences. The Circuit Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, consisting of Judges Walker, Bryan and Grubb, reversed Walker's sentence, and affirmed that of his lawyer. The Supreme Court now has reversed also Cooke's sentence.

The whole proceedings were initiated in violation of due process of law: "it was harsh under the circumstances to order the arrest" is the ruling of the Supreme Court. A rule to show cause was the orderly procedure. What began in illegality proceeded with brutality. Let Chief Justice Taft summarize the facts:

> After the Court elicited from the petitioner [Cooke] the admission that he had written the letter, the Court refused him time to secure and consult counsel, prepare his defense and call witnesses, and this although the Court itself had taken time to call in counsel as a friend of the Court. The presence of the United States District Attorney was also secured by the Court on the ground that it was a criminal case.
>
> The Court proceeded on the theory that the admission that the petitioner had written the letter foreclosed evidence or argument. In cases like this where the intention with which acts of contempt have been committed must necessarily and properly have an important bearing on the degree of guilt and the penalty which should be imposed, the Court can not exclude evidence in mitigation. It is a proper part of the defense. There was a suggestion in one of the remarks of the petitioner to the Court that while he had dictated the letter he had not read it carefully and that he had trusted to the advice of his partner in sending it, but he was not given a chance to call witnesses or to make a full statement on this point. He was interrupted by the Court or the counsel of the Court in every attempted explanation. On the other hand, when the Court came to pronounce sentence, it commented on the conduct of both the petitioner and his clients in making scandalous charges in the pleadings against officials of the Court and charges of a corrupt conspiracy against the Trustee and Referee in Bankruptcy and of employing a detective to shadow jurymen while in charge of the marshal, and afterwards to detect bribery of them, in proof of which the Court referred to a sworn statement of the detective in its hands, which had not been submitted to the petitioner or his client. When Walker questioned this, the Court directed the marshal to prevent further interruption. It was quite clear that the Court considered the facts thus announced as in aggravation of the contempt. Yet no opportunity had been given to the contemners even to hear these new charges of the Court, much less to meet or explain them, before the sentence. We think the procedure pursued was unfair and oppressive to the petitioner.

The issues raised by this case reach far deeper than the misconduct of a single autocratic judge. For one thing Judge Wilson is not the first offender. The last few years have seen several manifestations of arbitrary conduct, cloaking itself behind a perverted exercise of the power to punish for contempt. Moreover, it is an ominous sign that the three Appellate judges should have sustained Judge Wilson's behavior which the Supreme Court has now so severely rebuked—thereby rebuking the Appellate Court. The difficulty is inherent in the power that is vested in a Federal judge under the interpretation of existing Federal law, to be accuser and judge in his own case, albeit that formally the case be not his but his Court's, which is equivalent to himself. The Supreme Court has now admonished the Federal Judges to exercise this dangerous power

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with what Mr. Dooley calls "gintleminly restraint." We again quote the Chief Justice:

> Another feature of this case seems to call for remark. The power of contempt which a Judge must have and exercise in protecting the due and orderly administration of justice and in maintaining the authority and dignity of the Court is most important and indispensable. But its exercise is a delicate one and care is needed to avoid arbitrary or oppressive conclusions. This rule of caution is more mandatory where the contempt charged has in it the element of personal criticism or attack upon the Judge. The Judge must banish the slightest personal impulse to reprisal, but he should not bend backward and injure the authority of the Court by too great leniency. The substitution of another judge would avoid either tendency but it is not always possible. Of course where acts of contempt are palpably aggravated by a personal attack upon the Judge in order to drive the Judge out of the case for ulterior reasons, the scheme should not be permitted to succeed. But attempts of this kind are rare. All of such cases, however, present difficult questions for the Judge. All we can say upon the whole matter is that where conditions do not make it impracticable, or where the delay may not injure public or private right, a Judge called upon to act in a case of contempt by personal attack upon him, may, without flinching from his duty, properly ask that one of his fellow Judges take his place.
>
> The case before us is one in which the issue between the Judge and the parties has come to involve marked personal feeling that did not make for an impartial and calm judicial consideration and conclusion, as the statement of the proceedings abundantly shows. We think, therefore, that when this case again reaches the District Court to which it must be remanded, the Judge who imposed the sentence herein should invite the Senior Circuit Judge of the Circuit to assign another Judge to sit in the second hearing of the charge against the petitioner.

Undoubtedly the Supreme Court's disposition of the Cooke case will bring moderation. The Federal Courts have been feeling their oats since the decision in the Toledo News-Bee case, in 1918, reinforced by the outcome of the Craig case. The Cooke case marks a turning point. But it does not go far enough. The situation should not be allowed to rest here. Quite the contrary. The Cooke case only proves the need for remedial legislation—not the less so when it is recalled that the Supreme Court's review of contempt proceedings is a matter of grace and not of right. The great mischief of the Toledo News-Bee decision must be rectified. Nearly a hundred years ago, as a result of judicial abuse, Congress strictly defined the power of federal courts to punish for contempt. "The said courts," reads the Act of Congress, "shall have power . . . to punish . . . contempts of their authority: Provided, That such power to punish contempts shall not be construed to extend to any cases except the misbehavior of any person in their presence, or so near thereto as to obstruct the administration of justice." Surely the plain English of this restricts the exercise of a power which the greatest judges agree to be peculiarly liable to abuse and willful in its practical operations to conduct which positively interferes with a Court at work.

But in the Toledo News-Bee Case, rendered at the height of the War, the Act of Congress was construed away. The power of courts to punish misbehavior "in their presence, *or so near thereto* as to obstruct the administration of justice" was held, by a majority, to mean anything uttered anywhere having a "tendency" to obstruct—a standard vague enough to terrorize, considering the power to apply the standard. This decision is intolerable, for reasons made clear in Mr. Justice Holmes's dissent:

> When it is considered how contrary it is to our practice and ways of thinking for the same person to be accuser and sole judge in a matter which, if he be sensitive, may involve strong personal feeling, I should expect the power to be limited by the necessities of the case, to 'insure order and decorum in their presence' . . . And when the words of the statute are read, it seems to me that the limit is too plain to be construed away. To my mind, they point and point only to the present protection of the Court from actual interference, and not to postponed retribution for lack of respect for its dignity. . . .

The legislation called for by the Toledo News-Bee decision has been too long delayed. Experience has accumulated since 1918 to prove that the accusing judge cannot be left to sit in judgment on the accused contemner. The next Congress should promptly formulate, in effective legal language, a law which will make two indispensable changes in the power of the Federal Courts:

1. The authority of a judge to punish for contempt should be strictly limited to cases where "his personal action is necessary in a strict sense in order to enable him to go on with his work."

2. Such a case of contempt should not be disposed of by the accusing judge (who may temporarily order the confinement of a contemner) but should automatically go before another judge. Here is a program for immediate judicial reform which no party can wisely oppose.

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The Pilgrimage of Henry James

IT has become a commonplace to say that Mr. Van Wyck Brooks is a social historian rather than a literary critic but it seems inevitable to raise the question again in connection with his new book. The Pilgrimage of Henry James,* like The Ordeal of Mark Twain, is a page of American social history: in it, Henry James figures as the type of sensitive and imaginative American who, in the last century, found America too barren and too crude for him and sought a more congenial environment in Europe. Mr. Brooks points out James's original isolation as the son of the elder Henry James, that wandering philosopher who travelled back and forth between Boston and New York, between America and Europe, without finding himself quite at home anywhere; and traces his first saturation with European impressions during the formative years of his teens—his attempt at the beginning of his career to establish himself in America as an American novelist working with native material—his discouragement, his longing for Europe, his experiments with France and Italy and his dissatisfaction with his life there—his decision to live permanently in England and to find a field in English society—his failure to establish intimate relations with the English and his reaction against them—the bankruptcy of his imagination, his homesickness and his visit to the United States in his later years—his consternation and despair at modern America and his final return to England again. In short, James's tragedy, according to Mr. Brooks, was that of the man who has lost contact with his own society without having been able to strike roots in any other. And of all this aspect of James's career he has given the most intelligent and the most exhaustive account which we have yet had; in fact, it may be said that James's social significance and the part which his social situation plays in his work have been here properly appreciated for the first time. Mr. Brooks has made a contribution of permanent value toward the criticism of James: he has interpreted his subject with all his incomparable instinct for divining the feelings and motives of Americans, for getting under their skins; and he has presented his thesis with the consummate orderliness, neatness and point which he always brings to making out a case. When, for example, he disentangles James's reasons for turning playwright at one period of his career, he arouses a kind of excitement by the very demonstration as if independently of the interest of what is demonstrated. And he has reduced the whole to an entertaining narrative colored by imagination and written with grace. In fact, from the point of view of literary form, Mr. Brooks's Henry James is probably the best of his books.

Where it is unsatisfactory is in its failure to recognize the real nature and development of James's art. Mr. Brooks has completely subordinated James the artist to James the social symbol, with the result that James's literary work, instead of being considered in its integrity on its own merits, has undergone a process of lopping and distortion to make it fit the Procrustes bed of a thesis. According to Mr. Brooks's simplification, Henry James was simply at first a very good novelist and then, later on, a very bad one. Mr. Brooks admires James's earlier novels as social documents and writes an enthusiastic appreciation of them—that is, he admires James in direct proportion as he performs a function like himself. But what he says in effect is that, after The Bostonians (published in 1886), James's artistic record is an almost total blank: when James had permanently settled in England and his original stock of American impressions had run out, his failure to make anything of his English material was virtually complete. Mr. Brooks here lumps together the work of nearly thirty years and, in the interest of an a priori theory, refuses to admit distinctions between books of widely different character and merit. The truth is that the work of James's English residence falls into three distinct periods. During the second of these—after The Bostonians and while he was already dealing chiefly with English material—he reached what seems indisputably his completest artistic maturity: he had got over a certain stiffness, a certain naïveté, which characterized his earlier work and he had acquired a new flexibility and a personal idiom. He has come for the first time into the full possession of his own language and form and at the same time his imagination has never been more vivid: it will be ten years yet before that imagination begins to fade in such stories as The Awkward Age and longer still before that style runs to seed in the later novels. In the meantime, in the fiction of this period—particularly, perhaps, in the shorter novels which were characteristic of it: What Maisie Knew, The Aspern Papers, etc.—he is to produce what seems to the present writer his most distinguished and satisfactory work. As for the deterioration which afterwards sets in, it is to be ascribed chiefly to advancing age. The thing to remember in connection with James's latest novels—which Mr. Brooks treats with such severity—is that they are the work of an old man: The Ambassadors, The Wings of the Dove and The Golden Bowl were all written when James was about sixty and their abstraction, their comparative dimness and their exaggerated mannerisms are such as frequently appear in the later work of an artist's career: Browning and Meredith, who did not labor under the handicap of being expatriated Americans, developed

* The Pilgrimage of Henry James, by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

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similar tendencies. These later novels are not, as Mr. Brooks asserts, fundamentally unreal and weak; they are intellectually perhaps James's most vigorous, his most heroically conceived; but they are like tapestries from which, though the figures and the design still remain masterfully outlined, the colours have nearly faded out.—When all is said, however, there remains, in connection with James, a question of a direct lack of emotional experience which is naturally felt more disconcertingly in his later work than in his earlier as it seems less comprehensible in a mature man than in a young one; and one must agree with Mr. Brooks that this is partly to be accounted for by James's isolation among the English. None the less, to throw all the emphasis on James's social situation, as Mr. Brooks seems to do, is surely to take it by the wrong handle: James's solitude, his emotional starvation, his inhibition against entering into life, were evidently the result of his fundamental moral character, not merely an accident of his social maladjustment; and with the problem of that fundamental character Mr. Brooks never adequately deals. "An immortal symbol," he sums James up, "the embodiment of that impossible yearning of which Hawthorne somewhere speaks—the yearning of the American in the Old World" for the past from which he has been separated. But to say that he yearns for his European past is scarcely to give a satisfactory description of a human being.

And it is precisely because Mr. Brooks's interest is all social and never moral that he has missed the point of James's art. He is able to find James's work so disappointing only because he insists upon comparing it to that of writers with whom he has little in common—Hardy, Dickens, Tolstoy and Balzac. One would be in a position to appreciate James better if one compared him to the dramatists of the seventeenth century—Racine and Molière, whom he resembles in form as well as in point of view, and even Shakespeare, when allowance has been made for extreme differences in material and style. These poets were not writers of romantic melodrama—either humorous or pessimistic—like Dickens and Hardy, nor secretaries of society like Balzac, nor prophets like Tolstoy: they were occupied simply with the presentation of moral situations which they have no ideas about averting or ameliorating. They do not convict society for these situations: they regard them as universal and inevitable. They do not even blame God for them: they accept them as the conditions of life. Titus and Bérénice, Alceste and Célimène, Antony and Octavius—these are simply forces which, once put in motion, are doomed to irreconcilable conflict. The dramatist does not attempt to bring in a verdict in favor of one set of claims against the other: he is content to understand the characters involved and to put them before us as perfectly as possible.

Now something of this steady, this "classic" point of view was Henry James's immense distinction. The conflicts in his early novels have a tendency to throw emphasis on the issue of European manners and morals versus American—with a predisposition in favor of the latter. But as he goes on, his contrasts tend to illustrate universal differences of character and ideals rather than merely national ones. I cannot agree with Mr. Brooks when he says that in James's later writings "the 'low sneaks' have it all their own way . . . the subtle are always the prey of the gross . . . the pure in heart are always at the mercy of those that work iniquity." On the contrary, the leaning toward melodrama which has allowed him in his earlier novels to play virtuous Americans off against scoundrelly Europeans has almost entirely disappeared. The Ambassadors is obviously a sort of attempt to rewrite The American, as The Wings of the Dove is to rewrite The Portrait of a Lady; but one has only to compare the two sets of books to realize that James no longer sees life in terms of the innocent and the guilty: the Bellegarde family in the earlier novel are cold-blooded and unrepentant villains, whereas Mme. de Vionnet, who plays a somewhat similar rôle in The Ambassadors, is as sympathetically presented as the American to whom she is morally opposed; so Gilbart Osmond and his mistress, who make Isabel Archer miserable, are far more theatrical than Kate Croy and her lover who try to exploit Milly Theale. Mr. Brooks's account of this latter book seems almost perversely unintelligent: he describes Milly Theale as the "victim of the basest plot that ever a mind conceived": yet one of the most remarkable things about The Wings of the Dove is the way in which, from the very first pages, James succeeds in making us sympathize with Kate Croy, the chief participant in the plot, in making us see her conduct as inevitable: she is represented as fighting for her most creditable aspirations in the only way she finds possible, just as Milly Theale is for hers. The situation which she and Densher get into in regard to Milly is surely far less like "the basest plot that ever a mind conceived" than like one of those dilemmas between honor on the one hand and the self-fulfillment implied by money or love on the other which make life difficult for a great many of us.

It is thus not a case, in James's later novels, of the innocent being a prey to the guilty, of the low sneaks having it all their own way. It is simply a struggle between different kinds of people with different kinds of needs. I do not know what Mr. Brooks means when he writes of "the constant abrogation of James's moral judgment, in these years of an enchanted exile in a museum-world" nor when he says that James "had seen life, in his own way, as all the great novelists have seen it, sub specie æternitatis; he was to see it henceforth, increasingly, sub specie mundi." On the contrary, James's grasp of moral situations has never been so profound. The problem which has come chiefly to preoccupy him, as it has done also, less explicitly, in his early work, is the irremediable antagonism of interest between

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people who enjoy themselves to the full, who take all they can get from life, and people who are restrained from satisfying all their impulses by ideals of moral rectitude—between the worldly, the selfish and the magnificent, and the dutiful, the sensitive and the humble. This humility, this moral rectitude in James takes on the aspect of a moral beauty which he opposes, as it were, to the worldly; both kinds of beauty attract him, he sympathizes with the representatives of both, but his final judgment on life is that it is impossible to have both at the same time. The point of What Maisie Knew, for example, lies in the contrast between Maisie's other guardians—the vivid, the charming or the bold—who live only for their own pleasure and advantage and refuse to be bothered with her, and Mrs. Wix, the old ridiculous woman, who, by reason of her distinction of a "moral sense," is left with the responsibility of Maisie, "to work her fingers to the bone." So, in The Golden Bowl, the brilliant figures of Charlotte and the Prince are contrasted with the unselfishness and the comparative dreariness of Maggie Verver and her father. Almost all James's later novels, in one way or another, illustrate this theme. Surely it, and not, as Mr. Brooks suggests, any mere technical pattern, is that "figure in the carpet" to which James refers in his fable; and in this tendency to oppose the idea of a good conscience to the idea of doing what one likes—wearing, as it does so often in James, the aspect of American versus European—there is evidently a survival of Puritan habits of thought which Mr. Brooks, in his capacity of American specialist, might have been expected to treat more prominently. As it is, he only touches upon it by way of a different route.

Of Mr. Brooks's singular use of his documents for the purpose of proving the artistic nullity of the latter half of James's career many instances might be given: it may be said in general that, instead of appearing to have read James's novels for the sense which they may be supposed to convey as wholes, he seems to have combed them for passages which, taken out of their context, would tend to bear out his thesis. The extreme abuse of his method is to be found in the chapter in which he attempts to prove the inadmissible assertion that none of James's later novels is "the fruit of an artistic impulse that is at once spontaneous and sustained," that they "are all—given in each case the tenuity of the idea—stories of the 'eight to ten thousand words' blown out to the dimensions of novels." One would ask oneself at once: In what way can the "ideas" of The Ambassadors and The Wings of the Dove be described as being more "tenuous" than those of their predecessors? How could either conceivably be a short story? They cover as long a time as the early novels, they contain as many important characters, they deal with themes of precisely the same nature and they are executed on as elaborate a scale! But Mr. Brooks does not even pretend to go to the novels themselves to justify his critical conclusion about them: he bases his whole case on three passages which he has found in James's correspondence. When we come to examine these, we discover that two of them are references, respectively, to the "long-windedness" of The Wings of the Dove and the "vague verbosity" of The Golden Bowl—which certainly does not prove in the least that he thought their *ideas* tenuous. It is in the third reference that the phrase about "the tenuity of the idea" occurs, in an entirely different connection: James writes apologetically to Howells in regard to The Sacred Fount that it had been "planned, like The Spoils of Poynton, What Maisie Knew, The Turn of the Screw, and various others, as a story of the 'eight to ten thousand words' " and had then spun itself out much longer. He goes on to explain that he would have "chucked" The Sacred Fount in the middle if he had not had a superstition against not finishing things. He does not say that he considers these other novels as unsatisfactory as The Sacred Fount nor that he would have chucked them in the middle. Furthermore, he gives in the only part of this passage which Mr. Brooks omits to quote a quite different explanation from Mr. Brooks's for his practice at this period of projecting short stories instead of novels: "The Sacred Fount," writes James, "is one of several things of mine, in these last years, that have paid the penalty of having been conceived only as the 'short story' that (alone apparently) I could hope to work off somewhere (which I mainly failed of)." That is, James gives explicitly as his reason for planning short stories instead of novels the fact that the former were more salable. That, in spite of this intention, he should have found the short stories growing uncontrollably into novels would seem to prove, not, as Mr. Brooks says, that his "artistic impulse" was not "spontaneous and sustained," but, on the contrary, precisely that it was.

Mr. Brooks's suppression of the important words in this passage and his consequent misrepresentation of its meaning—his readiness to found upon such meagre and dubious evidence so sweeping a case against half of a man's whole work, throws rather an unreassuring light upon the spirit in which he has come to undertake criticism. That spirit is one of intense zeal at the service of intense resentment. What Mr. Brooks resents and desires to protest against is the spiritual poverty of America and the discouragement of the creative artist by American conditions. But in preaching this doctrine he has allowed his bitterness to overshoot its mark and to excoriate the victims of America along with the conditions from which they are supposed to suffer. In the latter part of his new book, we have the feeling that he has set out to hound down poor old James, just as in his earlier one he set out to hound down poor old Mark Twain. The story of Henry James, like that of Mark Twain, might have excited both our admiration and our pity; but in Mr. Brooks's hands it excites little but our irony. Like Sinclair

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Lewis, that other exposer of the spiritual poverty of America, Mr. Brooks has little charity for the poor and his enthusiasm for creative genius is not to-day sufficiently generous to prevent him from taking satisfaction in recording its decay.

There are, however, in any case, two reasons why Henry James is not a very happy subject for Van Wyck Brooks. In the first place, for all his sobriety and his apparent restraint, Mr. Brooks is a romantic and a preacher and has little real sympathy or comprehension for the impersonal and equanimous writer like James. One remembers in this connection a curious passage about Shakespeare in America's Coming-of-Age: "Why is it," asked Mr. Brooks, "that Shakespeare is never the master of originating minds? Plato may be, or Dante, or Tolstoy . . . but not Shakespeare . . . certainly anyone who requires a lesson of Shakespeare comes away with nothing but grace and good humor." The truth is that Mr. Brooks identifies the idea of a great writer with that of a stimulating social prophet. He can understand the lessons conveyed by a Tolstoy or a Plato but is unresponsive to a Shakespeare or a Henry James: from Shakespeare he comes away with "nothing but grace and good humor" and from James with *nothing at all*. In the second place, Henry James lends himself to Brooks's treatment far less satisfactorily than, say, Mark Twain for the following reason. Mark Twain was admittedly a remarkable figure who wrote a few very fine things but the bulk of whose books, ground out as hack-work, has neither personal nor literary interest. In this case, it may be said that the man is actually more interesting than his work and Mr. Brooks is able to tell us something important about him which is not to be found in his writings. But, in the case of James, the artistic accomplishment is far more interesting than the man: James was not an intimidated and sidetracked artist but a writer who understood both himself and his society and was signally successful in expressing his views about them. It is difficult for Mr. Brooks to write anything about James which James has not already written himself and he is thus not in a position to supply a social criticism comparable in importance to that of his Mark Twain. The Pilgrimage of Henry James, which is much shorter than its predecessor, seems to suffer in vitality and force from these circumstances. The Mark Twain was carried by the author's passion of discovery and his fury of indignation to a conclusion which represents what is so far probably his highest point of eloquence; but it is perhaps a sign of the critic's imperfect possession by his subject, of his comparatively feeble reaction to it, that the last page of his Henry James, instead of leaving us, as its predecessor did, with a dramatic and significant image, should be evidently an unconscious imitation of the last page of Strachey's Queen Victoria.

EDMUND WILSON.

Is the Pound Overvalued?

THE Return-to-Gold Controversy raises two distinct questions for Great Britain. The one relates to permanent arrangements—the ideal currency of the future. The other relates to an immediate practical problem,—namely, whether it is prudent for her to tie up her price-level in a particular way at this particular moment. I have given reasons elsewhere for thinking that her present price-level is too high to justify gold-parity. I propose now to compare this level of money-wages in Great Britain with those elsewhere in Europe. The following are some representative facts.

(i.) The January Bulletin of the New York Federal Reserve Bank quotes the following average daily wages, converted into gold at the current rates of exchange, paid in November, 1924, by a large American company which has factories in the various countries compared:—

England	$2.28
Germany	$1.55
France	$1.35 (Paris)
"	$1.24 (outside Paris)
Belgium	$1.14
Italy	$0.96

(ii.) The Economist for April 11 states that the skilled iron and steel worker receives weekly £1 18s. in Belgium, £1 13s. 7d. in France, and £2 2s. 6d. in Germany; whilst in England the average weekly wage for shorter hours and for the average of skilled *and unskilled* workers is £3 3s.

(iii.) In so far as these figures are a measure of higher real wages in England, there is no reason to complain. In the United States, dollar wages are twice what they are in England. But the above unfavorable comparisons—unfavorable from the competitive standpoint—are partly a monetary phenomenon, due to the fact that the current rates of exchange overstate the relative internal value of sterling in terms of its purchasing power over articles of working-class consumption. In other words, if we sell a unit of export for $1, turn it into sterling, pay out the sterling in wages, and consider how much those wages will buy of articles of working-class consumption, as compared with pre-war days, we find that it will buy much less in England than in Germany, France, or Italy. The figures are as follows (assuming that sterling is fixed at par):—

	Gold-cost of living (per cent of pre-war).
England	179
Germany	125
France	103
Italy	121

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Gold-wages are (in round numbers) 50 percent higher in England than in Germany, and 100 percent higher than in France, Italy, and Belgium. Real wages are also substantially higher in England, just as they were before the War,—but not nearly so much higher as gold-wages are. Thus England's difficulty in competing is largely due, not to higher real wages, but to the fact that, relatively, the gold-cost of living has risen much more in England than in Europe,—which is another way of saying that sterling, measured in its purchasing power over articles of working-class expenditure, is not worth its gold par.

I do not say that the maladjustment is all on one side. Prices in Germany and in Italy, and, above all, in France, are probably destined to rise,—though reparation payments will exercise a restraining influence in the case of Germany. But some of the maladjustment in on the other side, so that gold-cost of living and gold-wages in England will have to fall somewhat, say by 10 percent, relatively to those elsewhere, to restore equilibrium. I believe, further, that a considerable part of this overvaluation of sterling has taken place quite lately, that is to say, during the past year, as a result of the rapid improvement of the sterling exchange brought about by British monetary policy. It is the success of our monetary policy in using sentiment, more than deflation, to raise the exchange which is at the root of the difficulties of the British export industries. Sentiment is a fading flower, and sooner or later Great Britain will be compelled, if she pegs her exchanges, to suffer the necessary relative deflation. When this has been accomplished, our export industries will feel better. But during the process we shall all feel very bad indeed. The Return-to-Gold may involve reducing money-wages by (say) two shillings in the pound throughout industry. Does anyone look forward with equanimity to the risk, even a small one, of this result?

There are three ways, and only three, in which Great Britain can get back to equilibrium:—

(1) By letting the sterling exchange fall until it is adjusted with prices and wages—which would be wisdom;

(2) By gold depreciating abroad and prices not rising at home—which would be luck;

(3) By forcing her prices and wages down until they are adjusted with the exchanges—which would be misery.

The ascetic aspects of the third course have attractions for some. But the average industrialist, banker, or politician is not really anxious to submit us to a further course of deflation and of strikes and unemployment. Some of them are very uneasy. Others, whilst regretting that we have got ourselves into our present dilemma, by cultivating a misguided public opinion at home and abroad about the importance of dollar-parity, feel, nevertheless, that it is too late to turn back and that we must now commit ourselves, with the best face we can, to gambling on (2). I admit that it is a gamble which may have a more than even chance of partial success. Nevertheless, most people now appreciate the dangers and the complexities of the case much better than they did a year ago, and sincerely wish that they had not talked so much about the blessings of hurrying back to par. It is in this chastened mood that the British public will submit their necks once more to the golden yoke,—as a prelude, perhaps, to throwing it off forever at not a distant date.

J. M. KEYNES.

Riddle

If you were gone afar,
And lost the pattern
Of all your delightful ways,
And the web undone,
How would one make you anew,
From what dew and flowers,
What burningly mingled atoms
Under the sun?

Not from too-satin roses,
Or those rare blossoms,
Orchids, scentless and precious
As precious stone.
But out of lemon-verbena,
Rose-geranium,
These alone.

Not with running horses
Or Spanish cannon,
Organs, voiced like a lion,
Clamor and speed.
But perhaps with old music-boxes,
Young, tawny kittens,
Wild-strawberry-seed.

Even so, it were more
Than a god could compass
To fashion the body merely,
The lovely shroud.
But then—ah, how to recapture
That evanescence,
That fire that cried in pure crystal
Out of the cloud!

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

Barbados

Sometimes the hot gold of the islands pours
Along my brain till all my thoughts go down
Under the surface-dazzle and heavenly drown
And lie forgotten on the coral floors.
The sea strikes fire. The long sands burn the shores.
A gilt spark stings their bright metallic brown
Till they confuse and blind the harbor-town,
In fume of light against its very doors.
But undersea the light scatters and dapples
Everything with wasp-amber. Undersea
A wet frayed sun washes the sharks and ships
With color of buckwheat honey and russet apples.
Then I remember who I used to be,
And why the words taste salt upon my lips.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

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A White, White Rose for Mother

JERRY dropped into the Sultana, limp and weary. He had half an hour to wait for his mother between engagements, and after a day as her escort, a vaudeville theatre seemed to him as restful as the noon-hour in an empty church. The great tumbling act of Fierenzi and Frantique was on and they were tossing and hurling themselves in dare-devil abandon. As Jerry took his seat, a pause came in the exhibition, and the acrobats stepped forward to the footlights. Fierenzi took off his orange and purple jockey cap and bowed his head prayerfully; Frantique holding his red and yellow fez over his heart, gazed at the second gallery like a rapturous saint. When the orchestra had soft-pedalled from jazz to a haunting and sentimental refrain, they began their stupendous song-hit—the prodigious success of the season:

A white, white rose for Mother,
You'll never have another!

As they sang, the lights faded and on a screen behind them, the motion-picture mother emerged, in the setting of an old-fashioned country kitchen. Her snow-white hair was neatly parted and drawn into a tight little knot on top of her head, her face was furrowed and worn with wrinkles. Over her dark Mother Hubbard wrapper was a big, checked apron. Sadly, wearily, she stood beside the table, peeling potatoes.

When the picture became clear, the audience burst into prolonged applause, which grew more fervent as Fierenzi and Frantique explained that all Mother needed to make her dreary life gay, and even happy, was a kiss from her absent son and a white, white rose.

But this time, in the evolution of the picture, the potatoes were cooking on the stove and the Sultana audience was in tears. Strong men wiped the drops from their bronzed cheeks and women sobbed, unashamed. After the fifteenth verse, which carried Mother through the routine of setting the dinner table, serving the evening meal, washing the dishes and brushing up the kitchen, she was displayed in a flannelette nightie, reading herself to sleep with the family Bible. Just as the picture faded, she glanced wistfully at the crayon portrait of her son which hung beside the marriage certificate over the bed. Then the words of the chorus were flashed on the screen and all those present were invited to join heartily in the refrain:

A white, white rose for Mother,
You'll never have another.

When the song ended, Fierenzi and Frantique were called and recalled by tumultuous applause. Nobody was in haste to see Millicent La Farge and her twelve trained Angora kittens. Everybody wanted more verses about mother. Tuning up again, the leader of the orchestra turned with a smile to the first violin. It conveyed a hint of sophistication, even cynicism. The act was sure fire. It never failed. Mother-stuff.

To his surprise, Jerry found himself singing with the others, and a suspicious bit of moisture welled in his eye. He hated collective emotion, but he felt powerless to resist the contagion. The queer thing was that although he was seeing a picture of "Mother," feeling the sense of her loneliness and love, in his mind it registered no connection at all with the mother who was coming to meet him in a few minutes. She would be tripping along in gay, strapped slippers and pink-silk stockings, wearing the bright colored frock which made her look like a small girl. Eager, alert, darting through late middle-age with boundless energy, Jerry wondered if she could stay still long enough to let anyone pin a rose on her. After one of her well-named flying visits he usually remained in breathless but admiring exhaustion for a week.

Another man who was present, Herbert Bell, seated near Jerry, was almost overcome by the pathos of Fierenzi and Frantique. To have a sweet-faced, wistful little woman waiting for him in a generous, home-like kitchen seemed suddenly the most desirable thing in the world. He had been bred in a kitchenette, and Daisy Bell, his mother, had never worn a gingham apron or a long-sleeved nightie in her life. Whatever the mode, she followed. When waists were in, she had one: when fashion decreed that the silhouette resemble a draped bean pole, she achieved it, though painfully. Moreover, there wasn't a thread of white in her hair. It wasn't good for business. And business was Daisy Bell's life. She was the proud owner of a millinery shop on Fifth Avenue. Hats—and Daisy Bell had been in place of a father as provider for Herbert.

Herbert's real motion picture of mother would be something like this: Scene I. Place: Two rooms and bath and kitchenette. Time: Morning. Daisy Bell, in a lacy, frilly, pink-crepe-de-chine garment, only partly concealed by a gorgeously flowered kimona, is making her usual desperate struggle to be ready to leave by half-past eight. Herbert is revealed in the passageway between their rooms, assembling the breakfast units. It is his job to make coffee, unearth rolls, butter and canned milk from various paper bags, and afterward to put the dishes in the tub and spray them with the shower.

Scene II. Place: Daisy Bell's shop. Time: Evening. Herbert is languidly watching an end-of-the-day customer with a tip-tilted nose endeavoring

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to buy a tip-tilted hat, Daisy assisting exuberantly. At six-thirty he helps count the day's cash, and when she has completed her rehabilitation by way of lip-stick, powder-puff and something called Ashes of Roses, they sally toward the lights of Broadway. As they enter Pattini's or the Maisonette de Plasir, where they take their eight-course evening meal, a casual observer could not, in five guesses, tell whether Daisy was wife, sister, cousin, a youthful auntie, or a lady friend. After dinner they have a gay fox-trot and finish the evening seeing the new picture, Prisoners of Love, at which they laugh and weep in unrestrained comradeship.

Critics of the new hearth say that Daisy Bell is not a real mother. She has not stayed in the home and she never fried a doughnut in her life. In fact, Herbert in his fumbling, boyish way has always executed whatever cooking there was in the Bell establishment. All Daisy has done has been to support Herbert since his father deserted them, when he was only a boy. He hasn't even called her mother —she's just Daisy. Yet Herbert wondered, as he heard Fierenzi and Frantique enumerate the standardized virtues, if he hadn't missed something.

Standish Cameron felt the same way when he saw a mother-stuff movie in a Y canteen during the War. It was a different picture—calling not for a rose, but a small American flag. And Standish, whose morale as a captain was unassailable, sobbed with the others. The idea of a sad little figure, watching wistfully for his return got under his skin. It aroused something age-old in him. But his mother?

Why, she herself was clad in khaki and next to General Pershing and President Wilson, was the most important person in the whole War. She had organized everything: canteens, hospitals, relief units, liberty loan drives. The salvation of Russia, Serbia, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, the Near East, Greece—was due to her efforts. She had medals, badges, honors of all kinds. Standish couldn't remember the time when his mother was not the object of public affection and esteem. As a little lad, he had stood with his nurse, Mary Tupper, at the back of a great hall, and heard his mother speaking to hundreds of people. And Mary told him that his mother was a very famous woman—some day, even, she might be the President of the United States. And instead of thinking of her as the one to serve them all, Standish's recollections were of an entire household revolving around her. He was tremendously proud of her achievements, but crowded into the canteen in the turmoil, confusion and thrill of war, he couldn't help wishing that instead of being in the trenches with him, she was waiting in some cozy, homelike room.

For the standardized mother image requires the setting of a home. Like a glorified maid-of-all-work, she is perpetually engaged in the processes of living. Service—she represents personal service. It gives most men a sense of security in the universe to picture that waiting person, living chiefly for them. If some daring producer were to picture mother, afoot and light-hearted, tramping the open road, or having the time of her life with a group of "girls" of her own age, masculine sensibilities would be wounded. No matter what his own mother is like, or where at the moment she may be, the symbol of her is stationary. She may be driving an automobile, organizing a club, taking up bare-foot dancing,studying current literature in an effort to discover whether H. G. Wells is a married man or Bernard Shaw is sane, it doesn't matter whether it's culture or politics, be she governor or sheriff, postmistress or church leader, for purposes of motherhood she must remain put somewhere, active only in ministering to household needs.

For generations men have worshipped a standardized symbol. The fact that nowadays few mothers conform to the pattern, bears no relation to the case. Masculine emotions have been trained to respond to mother-stuff. Sometimes men do not even relate the picture to the good comrade and friend who happens to have brought them into this world. For it should be noted that the symbolic figure is usually shown—alone. The father is absent and the son is away. Men admire complete domestication, but they seldom like to stay with it. They'd rather see than be it. Fortunately, behind the lay figures, these set-pieces of potato-peeling, rocking-chaired, permanently waiting creatures are living, breathing human beings. In life, they have emerged—for mothers are people. In the picture, they are static. Our dreams have not caught up with reality.

FLORENCE GUY SEABURY.

The Burning Bush

If the afternoon gathers in a honey tide,
Flooding up the valley till it breasts the slope
Under the dark laurels where the old house died,
And the son's gold fingers grope,
What will they find there now? The rim of the leaf-choked cistern,
The earth cellar where the weasels hide,
But never the hearth where the firelight played when the mice were scampering,
Nor the lamp that made a pool of life on the midnight mountainside,
The clearing is swallowed up; given again to the forest.
Over that phantom doorstep in winter and spring go ferns,
But the "burning bush" that she planted blazes yet when the frost comes.
Defiant, red as the sunset,
The thornbush burns.
The only living thing to tell of the house the dust holds,
Like an immortal passion its fire returns.
The burning bush on the mountain, grotesque out of the laurel,
Rekindled by grave November, a beacon the hunter learns;
A warning flame that flickers from scarlet to coral,
A memory triumphant; her bush burns.

MARIAN STORM.

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Washington Notes

IN some quarters here, quite friendly to the President, there is a certain feeling of apprehension lest his indefatigable press agents, both in and out of the White House, who at times undoubtedly display more zeal than judgment will overdo this "human interest" stuff about Mr. Coolidge, with which the news-hungry "corps of correspondents" is being fed in this off season. What they apprehend is an unfavorable reaction from the public at too big a dose.

I think they are needlessly worried. They make the fundamental mistake, common to the less astute and experienced among politicians, of assuming that the public is, as a whole, both intelligent and discriminating, quick to detect and smell the taint in the stream of propaganda. The wiser and stouter-hearted machine leaders in both parties know the reverse of that to be true. They know that in matters of this sort the truth is there is almost no limit to the credulity of the public and that the discrepancies would have to be most obvious to be grasped.

It would, of course, be better if there were more team work, a greater degree of coördination among the presidential press agents, both those who hold official position and those who work in a purely voluntary capacity and out of devotion to the policy of their paper. The offense to the discriminating few would be greatly lessened and the artistic effect very much better if the wires did not so often get crossed as, for instance, was the case some weeks ago in the trifling matter of the Easter suit story.

It will, perhaps, be recalled that the information was given the public early in April, through despatches sent out by the "corps of correspondents," that the President's Easter suit had been ordered and that it would cost $65. The further information was added that Mrs. Coolidge, after consulting with the President, would buy no new Easter hat this year. All the newspapers played that up on the first pages as typical Coolidge economy, and some of them had editorials commending it in the strongest terms, —before the other story reached them. The other story was that Mr. Coolidge was really one of the best dressed men there is, that he has twelve suits, costing $125 each, and had not bought any new Easter suit at all. What happened, I am told, is that when the first story went out there was a howl from the retail trade that the President was trying to ruin business by bringing on a "buyers' strike," whereupon the correction was immediately sent out.

Of course, that is all "old stuff" now, but it is cited as typical of the sort of thing that is being constantly done around Mr. Coolidge with the idea of keeping up the "human interest" in him and endearing him still further to the hearts of the common people by stressing the "homely virtues." Which of those Easter stories was the true one, no one here in Washington knows — probably neither of them.

Unquestionably, that kind of story is effective, but there ought to be closer and better supervision. Also, I do think it a mistake to let a story be printed, as one was in two of the most oleaginous of the administration organs, to the effect that Mrs. Coolidge always confers with the President and gets his approval before selecting a new hat or gown.

That may be true, but I don't think it is. It is simply too ridiculous. How can a man with the sort of mind to insist upon being consulted as to his wife's clothes, have the time and the capacity to formulate and frame foreign and domestic policies for a great nation, and direct the destinies of one hundred and ten million people?

I am informed that as a matter of fact Mr. Coolidge himself indicated that he thought more sense should be shown in the sort of thing that was being printed about him personally. Certainly some of his friends have been really worried over the possibilities of a reaction that might make him ridiculous. But, I repeat, I think they have no present cause for anxiety. There is not the slightest disposition upon the part of the people to analyze critically this White House "economy" and "human interest" stuff with which they have been fed for a good many months.

On the contrary, they gulp it down and avidly ask for more. Nor will they develop the critical faculty so long as everything is going nicely. Should, however, a really bad bump come, with Mr. Coolidge still at the head of the government, the revulsion would likely be swift and violent. The White House press agents might, if that occurs, just as well shut up shop.

Now, with the public overwhelmingly friendly and prepared to be pleased at any thing the President says or does, whatever they put out "gets across," but if the tide turns—and tides generally do—nothing will.

Unless all signs fail, the Coolidge program in the next session of Congress, in the matter of the tariff, will not only be to hold rigid bars at their present height, but add on a bar or two to the fence all the way round. If anything else can be gathered from the talk of the President and his friend, Senator Butler, I should like to know what it is.

In other words, the Administration, so far as the tariff is concerned, is ready to advance a step beyond the time-honored and historic Republican policy of a tariff for protection, and enact a tariff for "stimulation" as well.

The first hint of this was given last year in the deliberations, conferences and report of the Agricultural Commission, which the President named, to study farm problems and make recommendations. It will be recalled that Mr. Jardine, the present Secretary of Agriculture, was a member of that Commission, and that Secretary Hoover was consulted as to its personnel and generally credited with having supplied the Commission with its economics.

It is true that in the House, the recommendations of the Commission, despite a plea from the President which he was prodded into making, were totally disregarded and nothing whatever done. However, friends of the new policies tell me that they were fairly well satisfied, inasmuch as they did succeed in committing the Administration to the principles of the recommendations in so complete a way as to put permanently into the discard the old price-fixing ideas of the former régime in the Department of Agriculture. Further, they are confident, with Mr. Jardine in the Cabinet and a better disciplined majority in the House, they will be able to get something through at the next session. Now, one of the chief things upon which the new policy is founded is the idea of utilizing the tariff to benefit the farmer's markets as it has, according to the Republican contention, benefitted the manufacturer. It is not difficult to guess the genesis of this farmer tariff idea, and it is probable there will be a sturdy fight to try it out.

It will be interesting to see what the South and West do to this elegant Eastern idea for their benefit.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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George M. Cohan

NO one will be deceived by the puny book* which George M. Cohan has written about himself. A stranger (a stranger, I do not doubt, within himself) cried out, Oh that mine enemy might write a book! and the wish was fulfilled. It is a bright book, full of verve and cheapness, and it tells a few facts about the progress of Cohan from the honkytonks to Broadway. There are a few amusing episodes. And it is all chaff.

To me the contrast between Cohan and Cohan's book is fascinating. If he were a cheap little actor, this cheap little book of a blowhard would seem natural; but he is not. He is a fine actor, one of the most expert in technique, one of the rightest in instinct on the American stage, and incomparably our finest comedian. He is, in addition, a good, but not a great, writer of popular songs, a natural hoofer, a theatrical director endowed with a supreme intelligence of the stage. The same intelligence makes him one of the most satisfying writers of farcical comedies we possess, and a concocter of revues without peer. These are his achievements; testifying to them are the unforgettable names, from I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy through Seven Keys to Baldpate, the Cohan revues, and The Song and Dance Man. With these the autobiography has hardly anything to do; it is concerned with the Cohan legend.

The legend has few points of contact with the achievement. It deals with the famous curtain speech ("Ladies and gentlemen, my mother thanks you, my father thanks you, my sister thanks you, and I thank you"), the Fourth of July birthday, the flag-waving, the "kind of little guy he was" during the Equity strike. The Hon. Jefferson Brick and the rest of the company Dickens found in America would enjoy Mr. Cohan:

> There's nothing swell-headed about me at all, Mr. Williams. I'm too smart to get that way. I could have had a swelled head a long time ago if I wanted to. Why, I've published over two hundred songs. Right now May Irwin is making the hit of her life with one of them. Look at all the sketches I've written for variety teams. I've got a dozen of 'em playing around the country at this minute. But I don't go round bragging about it. No, sir, there's nothing swell-headed about me.

That is the tone of the book. In this mock confessional Cohan is addressing the good friends who warned him years ago that he was getting a swelled head; now he shows them that they never knew the half of it, dearie; he was infinitely, consciously worse than they suspected—and the Lord has justified him. It is a good catch; the book does not endear Cohan, but it leaves him coldly admirable. He danced and the song writers said he was good, but couldn't write songs; he wrote songs and the hoofers said he could compose, but he couldn't dance. So he put an advertisement in The Clipper claiming that "I could dance better than any living song writer, and write a better song than any dancer on earth." This book is the same advertisement on a larger scale.

In short Mr. Cohan is satirizing himself a little uneasily. He did the same thing in one of his Revues with the song, Go Get a Flag, purporting to be the advice of his father when one of his shows was going on the rocks; but there it was all in fun, because Cohan was in the field he perfectly understood; he had always known how and why his hokum went big, and when it had carried him to the top, he told us what he knew. But in the book he is not at home, and the thing he obviously wanted to do, he was afraid of doing. That thing, according to my guess, was to tell the simple and attractive truth which lay behind his play, The Song and Dance Man. In that play Cohan accomplished the miracle which happens to a playwright once in a great while: he spoke the common language and made poetry of it, and he used the common facts, the poor tawdry instances of common life, and made emotion spring from them. It was an episode in the life of a trouper; and when Cohan came to write the trouper's life, he boggled.

Perhaps it was because this was to be *a book,* and he wasn't sure that he could put himself over without ragtime and a few fancy steps and his gestures and his cracks. Perhaps he vaguely felt the opposition between his unbookish, unintellectual endeavors and the austerity (and snobbishness) of the literary world. Between those two worlds the communication is infrequent and unsatisfactory. But the free and constant intercourse which would make one world at ease in the other, is missing. The essayists are accused of patronizing the players; the players stumble awkwardly across the threshold of literature.

It is a double pity. It deprives those who apprehend the world more completely (those who use the mind as well as the senses, let us say) of contact with something precious in America, something valuable in itself and valuable because it is so entirely native and so simply expressive. And it separates our entertainers from those who could be their best critics, those who could love them most and see them most clearly. Obviously the first loss is the greater. There has been in the last few years a decided intellectual interest in American entertainment, and it remains to be seen whether this interest will fertilize or sterilize its object. And the danger of frustrating, or at least corrupting, our native music and dance, or comic strip and movies, ought not to exist. There ought to be nothing unusual in the contact between the two forces, and each should nourish the other.

Cohan, of course, is incorruptible. If contact with the world of art and letters is dangerous, as has been held by some critics, I think he is safe, because he so obviously hangs away, he so clearly has no use for it. All the way through his book he betrays only one desire, to be considered good in each of his fields by the experts in those fields. When the actors admitted that he was a good actor (in The Song and Dance Man) it was all he wanted. Were there critics? Did they say he was good? Did he care? He doesn't say. That's the kind of little guy he is.

Put him down then as the best of his kind. The last item of American energy, helter-skelter in action, undirected or misdirected, and arriving with supreme self-assurance at a goal about which it admits not a trace of scepticism. It is felicitous and easy and disarmingly simple in its commonness; it abounds in physical grace and mental alertness; it relishes more than anything else a meaningless bustle. Nothing can equal the joy with which Cohan tells of a trip from New York to San Francisco which actually got as far as Providence, Rhode Island; he exults in his incapacity to stop work and take a vacation. He is still breathless when he ends the book and tells you that it's been a great life. It has been a life of victory without peace, of triumph without time to remember hardships or anticipate delights. There is no meditation in it; and it is wonderful.

GILBERT SELDES.

* Twenty Years on Broadway, by George M. Cohan. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.

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A COMMUNICATION

Poor Prohibition!

SIR: When a young boy of that class to whom flasks are as moral as walking-sticks comes drunk from the home of people of actual social influence and is perhaps killed or kills someone else, or when a poor inebriate dies of wood alcohol, the prompt reflex of a growing number of people is—"This is Prohibition!"

So ready has this reaction to such tragedies come to be, that one can scarcely summon courage to urge that the relationship between the Prohibition law and the very common polite defiance of Prohibition law is not necessarily one of cause and effect; that there are sections of the country in which they are not, so to speak, even concomitant. But whatever one may urge, the oracular, the pontifical answer persists—that regrettably but undoubtedly these unfortunate conditions came in with the Eighteenth Amendment.

Men who never drank before, it is explained, find themselves under a mighty compulsion to assert their outraged manhoods by simply getting beastly drunk, to establish their *unbrookableness. So impetuous is this revolt, by all accounts*, that one is reminded of the herd of swine possessed of devils that had (also "before the time," as they argued) been cast out of their earlier human refuge, who pleaded the privilege of running violently down a steep place into the sea, and were drowned. Alas, poor swine!

The country, we are told, was not "ready for Prohibition." "You cannot make people moral by law." (Moses really should have thought to hand that to Jehovah on Mt. Sinai instead of fussing so about getting his shoes off.)

Who was not ready for Prohibition, may one ask? The brewer? The "soak"? The selfish man? Well, there are some people who are not entirely ready yet for the Ten Commandments, but the Ten Commandments got on the books; and let me say that for no better reason than that they have been on the books, quite a few persons have been decorously supporting them ever since. That's as much morality as most of the world ever has. They're as good as their environment—just! And when his "genial sense of youth" suggests to the last scion of the Anheusers that we ought to have a national law against alcoholic drinks, we shall be (I reason by analogy) at least some few thousands of years past the need of it.

But, be that as it may, supposing—or rather, granting—that some exquisitely scrupulous men believe, as they say they do, that because the Prohibition law violates human liberties, or because it abuses that delicate perennial, the national Constitution, or because it robs the poet of his natural sustenance, that they, for the sake of some such higher good or other, will either by their resistance or by their amused inaction, allow Prohibition to be ineffectual—then, when it is ineffectual, is not the blame, or the praise (whichever) theirs?

Prohibition can carry the blame for the failure in the American crop of poets, and I suppose we are willing to take the responsibility for raising a generation of men to the spiritless idea that they can yield a right of their own for the sake of opening to another a more promising field in which to pursue happiness than is to be found hanging over somebody else's family wash, or in a home for incurables; we may have disturbed the pins of the Constitution; in short, we are willing either to admit or to argue our responsibility for all the inconveniences entailed by having Prohibition, but we demur at finding ourselves saddled with the most horrible and heinous evils attendant upon not having it. And the more so, when the people who are seeing to it that we do not have it are the very class who, as everyone knows, can have what they want by raising a finger.

People of influence are not so helpless that they cannot find any way round having young men with liquor at their homes and their entertainments. Absolutely not. Their power in such a situation is very much the same size as their insistence—and, in fact, that's true even with weak people (witness the Eighteenth Amendmment). But unfortunately it's a little middle-class to insist upon Prohibition. Most people can't risk it. One almost wonders whether some people very much mind the notoriety of having given the perfectly correct and un-Bryanish entertainment from which a poor devil of a lad goes to his ruin so long as they can keep on repeating with a helpless spreading of the hands, "There's your Prohibition for you!"

But more the trouble is that, not only is our power the same size as our insistence, but our insistence, except in cases of very imaginative persons, is likely to be the same size as our personal suffering—which accounts for the fact that until recently the protected classes have preserved a monumental apathy towards the black misery of lives affected by the trade in alcohol. If the press of this country had just about one good heart-beat of live sympathy for the distress caused by intemperance, they could make the country "ready for Prohibition," as they say, almost over night. Witness the way they have juggled us in three months into strangling the Child Labor Amendment. With the press all things are possible!

But no, in this case the press, high and low, are satisfied with the muddled logic which persists in construing every violation of the Prohibition laws as a fault of the law rather than of those people who want the law to fail. Apparently they count their duty done, as organs of opinion, if—after dead silence fifty-one weeks of the year—they come out the fifty-second with the legal proof that conditions in this country at present are not all that is to be desired.

If I were running a paper I'd rather keep quiet all fifty-two weeks—especially if I had brains enough to know (as some editors, I presume, have) that my fifty-second week was in a class with the demagoguery of those sons of Belial now in control of our press.

Either a little heart's blood or a little brains in high places would serve to clear the issues. Those who are too cultured to apply the former to this or any question may rest assured that the latter may still be exercised in polite society with perfect propriety—at least on every subject except Prohibition.

RUTH GEORGE.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Liberal College

SIR: Professor Erskine's Olympian article in your current issue is admirably weighted with thought. We certainly lack standards by which to judge the absolute present, we lack the enjoyment of the really best at large; and he blames us rightly in that we are striving somewhat unduly to be contemporary. We read Shaw instead of Hobbes, Synge instead of Sophocles. For argument he sharpens the horns of his antitheses and argues like a true—and delightful—classicist. And yet—

1. To live much with the gods is to unfit us for this world. The mere glimpse which Lazarus caught (see the Epistle of Karshish) of eternal values caused him to lose a sense of intelligible human values. Healthy discontent is a good thing, but living apart exclusively in noble companionship is likely to make the ugliness and drabness of ordinary life a bit depressing. "Ivory tower," "intellectual snobbery," "selfish culture"—these phrases suggest the dangers latent in this really romantic flight from contemporaneity (horrid word) into the rare atmosphere of the remote upper slopes of Parnassus.

2. To be just contemporary—well, it is to be stuck in the mud. Yet the present is the stuff we have to work with; and an honest love of present day thought and art, even if they are not Periclean or Laurentian, is not too desperately blameworthy if they are faced in the right spirit and are recognized as full of life and the reflection of life. It is something if boys and girls—a doubtful *if*, perhaps—are awakened to thought, independence, courage in the present. And mass education which is upon us must inevitably educate for contemporary life, or we shall have exiled the best of the younger generation from the present to the meditative fields of Arcadia and Elysium.

3. There is a tertium quid, the education which is contemporary *because* it aims to impart knowledge and joy in the great past. It takes the live classics and brings them to bear upon the present—the live classics, for it is indifferent to the dead, those monuments of the past which have not the vitality to fertilize the present. Civilization is too old to carry along those products which do not bide the pragmatic touch of life. And it is here that the education of the future must centre. The real classics, the timeless monuments of thought and beauty, must be used not for sad comparisons with our own shortcomings, but to enforce a better present and a finely conceived future.

The College of Liberal Arts—understood in the full sense of a college to free the mind from the hobbles of custom and mere living—is fighting a doubtful and desperate battle. It has not convinced the great public that liberal study is necessary to a rich present and a desirable future. It is the task of all of us concerned in education, to prove that the memorable things of the past are necessary to the present; that the past need not be a master, but a guide and friend; and that the open and appreciative mind is bound to be contemporary.

HORACE A. EATON.

Syracuse, N. Y.

An 1816 Károlyi Incident

SIR: The recent treatment of Count Károlyi by our State Department has reminded me of an incident which first came to my attention in the course of some research in the Archives of Foreign Affairs in Paris. It occurred in the days when the Constitution was still understood, for most of the men who had helped to frame it were still active in politics, and liberty was still sincerely sought after.

It was in 1816 when the changing fortunes of French governments aroused much more heated discussion than Hungarian affairs could possibly cause today. The ambassador of the newly restored Bourbon government had just arrived in America determined with all the bitterness of a former exile from Napoleon's France to win the friendship of the American government and people for his cause. The condition which he found here was appalling to him. The country was overrun with French refugees of revolutionary and Bonapartist sympathies, who were making the American people believe that his beloved Bourbons were tyrants and enemies of liberty. Soon after his arrival there was a Fourth of July dinner given in the city of Baltimore at which a general of the American Revolution presided and at which Lefebre Desnouettes, a general of the Napoleonic wars, was guest of honor. In the course of the dinner, one J. S. Skinner, postmaster of Baltimore, offered the following toast: "To the generals of France in exile, the glory of their native land—not to be dishonored by the proscriptions of an imbecile tyrant."

The zealous French ambassador tried to make a political issue of the matter, and made a formal complaint to the President, claiming that Skinner, as an employe of the government, could not permit himself such utterances without giving them an official force. President Monroe replied with spirit:

> Your own former residence in the United States must have taught you that the government has not the least influence on the press, that the greatest liberty is allowed to all to judge and criticize the government itself, that the only protection for those in high positions against calumny is in an appeal to the law through an impartial tribunal. We cannot be responsible for the effusions of feelings which may be expressed at a public festival in regard to foreign governments, an incident in which the identity of the official is lost in that of citizen.

In this manner did our presidents of former times reply to those who tried to force them to take part for or against political parties in Europe, and in this case the pressure was very strong, for the French ambassador, De Neuville, was not satisfied with this reply. He communicated it to his government, so that the American minister in Paris was obliged to enter into formal negotiations on the subject. The French government was disposed to refuse all consideration of reparations for losses to American shipping during the recent wars, until they obtained satisfaction in the form of Skinner's dismissal from his functions. A means of conciliation was finally found in the removal of the American consul at Bordeaux, a Bonapartist sympathizer very distasteful to the French government, so that the matter never became known as a source of international friction; but the danger was real, for feeling was high, and it makes the firmness of the American president all the more admirable. The contrast with the present partial attitude of our government has led me to communicate to you this incident, which I believe is quite buried in the forgotten past.

EDITH PHILIPS.

Baltimore, Md.

Mathematics, Fundamentalism and Art

SIR: "About the things I know, I'm not at all broadminded. For instance, two and two are four. If you don't believe that, there's something wrong with you and I wouldn't deal with you on any matter involving arithmetic."

Thus does Chester T. Crowell, in your issue of March 18, reveal himself as a conservative, despite his care to assure us otherwise.

Two and two, he declares dogmatically and flamboyantly, are four. What, then, of Henri Poincaré, Raymond's brother, who claimed that two and two did not always make four? Henri Poincaré's standing as a mathematician was such that his contention was accepted by many who otherwise would have still believed in the arithmetic they had been taught at school.

Correctives, however, have gone further than that. "Two and two may not always equal four," these unwilling converts admit sadly, "but there's one unshakable truth—the sum of the angles of a triangle always, in every conceivable circumstance, equals two right angles." Then along came Einstein!

If, therefore, traditional mathematics have ceased to be invulnerable, what about art as a possible refuge for a conservative such as Mr. Crowell?

In Aldous Huxley's Those Barren Leaves, Francis Chelifer says, "We still cling pathetically to art. Quite unreasonably. It is time to smash the last and silliest of the idols. My friends, I adjure you, put away the ultimate and sweetest of the inebriants and wake up at last completely sober—among the dustbins at the bottom of the area steps."

MAIN JOHNSON.

Toronto, Canada.

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Bipedologically Speaking

First Bipedologist—And like other local groups they have a tendency to converge upon civic issues.

Second Bipedologist—My last Ph. D. thesis was precisely on that subject.

B. 1.—I wish you'd send me a copy. Recently I've been at some pains to inquire into the question, How far do regional associations deny themselves, quite unnecessarily, contact with functional organization?

B. 2.—I'll gladly furnish you with a copy. Sociology, particularly in Texas, has scarcely reached any point of departure as radical as that.

B. 1.—I concur. A good illustration can be taken from the activities, coöperative or otherwise, of the Bushelmen. These highly skilled artisans, it seems, flourish without the slightest trace of cognative virulence. It only goes to prove the original commonplace, nihil humanum puto.

B. 2.—Which proves that Inksey was right after all.

B. 1.—And how right he was. Those superbly correlative graphs! By candlelight in my graduate student days, I used to read between their lines. Curve upon curve, their social advertence dazzled me beyond verbal concept.

B. 2—The verbalists have had their day. I used to be a verbalist but after one term under Hervey Sloper I gave it all up.

B. 1—Sloper, the greatest faminologist of our century. I well remember his mot that the possession of cake is not necessarily co-incident with its assimilation. A big, a very big man. Saline of the cosmos. Yet not wholly without faults. His theory of preliminary intensification is now quite exploded.

B. 2—For many weeks I was his assistant in the pre-determination of the causes of fluency in the District of Columbia. Also he was an ardent logologist. I respect him for it.

B. 1—Only another instance of senescent tropism. But he was the first man to recognize and classify pro rata, stigmata and data. All the coöperative elements in his psychology were united to that end. But I think we stray from the point. To borrow a figure, the group metabolism of the group is readily seen in rural communities. According to Rimple's law of excess rurality, the sum of the relative tendencies equals the coefficient of x, plus 2. For x in this case we may safely substitute any well-authenticated phenomena of recent growth. Or, if you'll pardon mixed metaphors, the greater the area under observation the greater the aggregate agrarianism. Do I make myself plain?

B. 2—I'd be obliged for a more specific example.

B. 1—Well, since you insist, I'll put it in the crudest possible terms. It seems there was once an Irishman named "Pat."

B. 2—Not "Pat," the well-known Keltic colleague of "Mike"?

B. 1—The same. I had occasion to interview "Pat" while engaged in a peculiarly delicate piece of case-history. Now case-histories, as you know, are the most dangerous of all history. Indeed no history is without its case, and vice-versa. It happened that our Centre leaned towards correctional measures. The Kelt apparently suffered from bibitive neurasthenia, whether fortuitously or otherwise. For long I hesitated, since, quite between ourselves, I have always had a certain sense of friction with the generality of mankind. I sought out his address, and approached a rough, burly fellow, somewhat hirsute, not a little minatory.

B. 2—The Keltic strain, as Wimmer cogently suggests, must be reckoned with.

B. 1—Wimmer or no Wimmer, I suggested to the fellow that his social-behavior-pattern needed attention, and that his extempore intemperance would result, according to the best of my limited statistics, in some degree of laxity in the minutiae of conduct. His reply was, as you would expect, a familiar anti-social-behavior-pattern. His exact words were—I wrote them down immediately—Get the h-e-l-l out of here. That was it—h-e-l-l.

B. 2—I'm afraid I don't understand.

B. 1.—I don't wonder. I think I've had vastly more experience in folk-ways than you. Suffice it to say that he let fly a positive mine of folk-lore. I also detected in his reflex utterance the presence of numerous fictional elements. He wound up by obscure and hasty references to some degree of canine filiality on my part.

B. 2—The Keltic races have long been prone to filiality. A footnote on page 262 of the last Journal is illuminating on that point.

B. 1—This was only in illustration of my thesis . . .

B. 2—My theses are always Ph. D.

B. 1.—Surely folk-anger, folk-jest, folk-conation, like folk-song and folk-jargon, are implicit in the folk itself and are not brought out or otherwise deleted by incompetent environmental influences.

B. 2—I wish we could substitute environmental influences instead of the folk in every state of the Union.

B. 1—Liberal though I am, I agree with you. And above all I deplore the irruption of certain non-assimilable elements into our national community. The Slavanese, the Greebanians and the Palestovaks, to mention only a few, are deficient in the auditive, adumbrative and applaudative characteristics so vital to our state-plasm.

B. 2.—I had occasion to lecture recently on the influx of peoples of Esperantist nationality. They are, in the majority, Nordics, small, but perfectly formed.

B. 1.—I was under the impression that they were Uro-Alpines, and decisively megalo-cephalic.

B. 2.—On the contrary, as you will see from the following fragment of one of their nomadic folk-songs or tribe-sagas, which I noticed in a recent pamphlet by Noodling, and learned by heart. The tune, if any, I forget.

Tsöörti deiz häw septembör,
Eipril, dzhuun änd nowembör,
Eksept in liip-jiir, hwen dsey oal
Häw twenti nain oar none at all.

B. 1.—Admirable! The essence of folk! Even old Gabney could not have denied this authentic voice of latent mammalianism. What Zeitwissenschaft, as we used to in Soc. 12!

B. 2—A coming race, I am sure. One of them has already taken a degree. A blue-eyed, black-haired individual, strangely enough.

B. 1—Wouldn't Mendel be surprised!

B. 2—I am afraid that Mendel, great recessivist that he was, would indeed be surprised. Think of all those propulsive hopes stranded on the shores of selective inadmissibility.

B. 1—It's all very dubious matter anyhow.

Robert Littell.

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Mandeville Redivivus

The Fable of the Bees, by Bernard de Mandeville. With a Commentary by F. B. Kaye. New York: Oxford University Press. Two vols. $14 a set.

BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE was a master of paradox. His Fable of the Bees was an exposition of the thesis announced in the sub-title of the edition of 1714: Private Vices; Publick Benefits. The core of this work was a sheaf of five hundred doggerel verses entitled The Grumbling Hive, which faithfully enumerated the forms of fraud, exploitation, waste, graft and bunk as practiced in human society, but argued that the prosperity of the hive was inseparably bound up with their continuance. The work grew by the successive additions of some twenty explanatory remarks on the text, An Enquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue, an Essay on Charity and Charity Schools, and A Search into the Nature of Society, into a pretentious volume. Its original succès de scandale became more pronounced. It was presented by the Grand Jury of Middlesex as a public nuisance, attacked in the press, and denounced by such controversial heavyweights as William Law, John Dennis, and Bishop Berkeley. Mandeville continued to issue new editions, and in 1732 published The Fable of the Bees, Part II, by the Author of the First, consisting of six dialogues further expounding his doctrines. In spite of this formal anonymity he enjoyed extraordinary contemporary fame; and after his death his thesis continued to intrigue men's minds and to challenge the greatest of them—to mention only Fielding, Adam Smith, Dr. Johnson, Diderot, Godwin, Karl Marx—to its refutation. A paradox to which Mr. Kaye calls attention is that, celebrated as he was, Mandeville left behind few records of his life except the fact of his death in 1732; and a further paradox for which Mr. Kaye is himself responsible is that today he is possibly the best edited minor author in English.

Mr. Kaye's edition is a marvel of thorough and accurate scholarship. In his introductory essay he gives, besides an exposition of Mandeville's thought, an exhaustive account of the background, the sources and parallels to Mandeville's ideas. In one footnote on the anti-rationalizing thought before Mandeville he cites Montaigne, Daniel Dyke, Pierre Le Moyne, Joseph Glanvill, La Rochefoucauld, Mme. de Schomberg, Pascal, Malebranche, Spinoza, Jacques Esprit, Fontenelle, Rémond de Saint-Mard, J. F. Bernard, Cureau de la Chambre, Jean de Bellegarde, Father Bonhours, as well as general references to Bayle, Locke and Hobbes. Mandeville as a cosmopolitan Hollander, well read in French, and living in England, provided plenty of work for his intellectual biographer. In his appendix Mr. Kaye gives Mandeville's genealogy, a bibliographical account of the innumerable editions of his work, summaries of the criticisms levelled against him, and a list of references to Mandeville in later writers, which ought to be the hunting ground of the reviewer for omissions but is not a particularly fruitful one. The Oxford University Press has done its work with a perfection that matches Mr. Kaye's.

Mandeville's thesis is the opposition between Christian ethics and the worldly success of individuals and especially of nations. It recurs in modern times whenever the Sermon on the Mount is cited as a practical guide for conduct. Mandeville professed to hold the doctrine of extreme self-denial as part of revealed religion, but he exhibited immense adroitness in showing how such a doctrine if practiced would reduce human society to a skeleton. What irritated his opponents was his penetrating analysis of human behavior which blasted every pretense of compromise between the actual conduct of life and any system of ethics, revealed or rational. For instance, though the duellist runs the risk either of committing the utmost folly by sacrificing his own life, or the greatest sin by taking that of another, yet the social consequences of putting up with an affront are so great as to outweigh in action both considerations. More than this, he took delight in reducing human motives to their lowest terms. Pride is the chief force in social conduct, by which the natural selfish and brutish impulses are restrained, and good manners are the cloak behind which pride is concealed. "The moral virtues," so called, are merely "the political offspring which flattery begot upon pride." And finally Mandeville pushed his theories into dilemma and paradox with a gaiety which was terribly disconcerting to the defenders of all faiths. Holding such views of society, he would have shown a more seemly attitude if he had taken refuge in asceticism or misanthropy; but on the contrary he enjoyed the companionship of the men of whom he thought so meanly. As Leslie Stephen remarks, he seems to say "You are all Yahoos, and I am a Yahoo; and so—let us eat, drink and be merry."

The fallacy which underlay Mandeville's position was merely a matter of definition. By restricting absolute virtue to conduct into which no selfish desire enters, and extending vice to cover all things that man naturally wants to do he easily showed that a human society by which men coöperate to satisfy their wants rests upon the latter. But this was a fallacy which his opponents who held with Law that morality exists "in the perfections and attributes of God," or with Shaftesbury, in a divine harmony of the universe, found it hard to deal with, without admitting that these high thoughts had nothing to do with human experience, which was what Mandeville contended. Similarly by defining luxury as everything beyond the rudimentary necessities of man, he proved that this deadly sin is the root of the greatness of nations. Hence he passed easily to the make-work theory of economics, and found even calamities like the London fire national blessings because they give employment to many workmen. Here again Mandeville recognized no alternative to hoarding or spending. He did not discriminate between mere display, and the production that satisfies man's instinct for beauty, and makes life and work worth while; nor consider that saving might be the basis of enterprises which will demand workers.

The chief interest of Mandeville is in his influence, to which Mr. Kaye gives an illuminating section of his introduction. He was a pioneer in the study of human nature, and a suggestive commentator on psychological motive and economic incentive. "One of the greatest reasons," he remarks, "why so few People understand themselves, is that most Writers are always teaching Men what they should be and hardly ever trouble their Heads with telling them what they are." He thus anticipates Professor Dewey's attack upon the assertion that "morality is distinct in origin, working and destiny from the natural structure and career of human nature." Mandeville was a realist. "To search into the real Causes of Things," he declares, "imports no ill Design, nor has any Tendency to do Harm." He has thus had always a strong fascination for the tough-minded. Dr. Johnson, though he noticed Mandeville's fallacy of definition, yet confessed, "He opened my veins into real life very much." William Hazlitt, according to Mr. Kaye's

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count, refers to Mandeville eighteen times. Macaulay in his essay on Milton, perhaps with youthful bravado, declares, "If Shakespeare had written a book on the motives of human actions, it is extremely improbable that it would have contained half so much able reasoning on the subject as is to be found in the Fable of the Bees"; and his satisfaction in the material prosperity of his time is Mandeville's all over. Among more recent writers, Samuel Butler, in his attitude, habit of life, relation to his time, and posthumous fame is a curious throw-back to Mandeville. The Way of All Flesh, on which Butler was engaged as many years as Mandeville on the Fable, does for modern society through the novel what Mandeville accomplished for the eighteenth century through his curious mixture of verse, essay and dialogue. Bernard Shaw knows Mandeville, and follows him with an equal zest in paradox as a means of shocking people out of conventional habits of thought. In remark R., Mandeville has much to say in dispraise of military life:

> Things we are accustomed to, we don't mind, or else what Mortal that never had seen a Soldier could look without laughing upon a man accoutred with so much paltry Gaudiness and affected Finery? The coarsest Manufacture that can be made of Wool, dyed of a Brick-dust Colour, goes down with him, because it is in Imitation of Scarlet or Crimson Cloth . . . yet these fine Allurements and the Noise made upon a Calf's Skin, have drawn in and been the Destruction of more Men in reality than all the killing Eyes and bewitching Voices of Women ever slew in jest. Today the Swineherd puts on his Red Coat, and believes everybody in earnest that calls him Gentleman, and two days after Serjeant Kite gives him a swinging wrap with his Cane for holding his Musket one Inch higher than he should do.

Shaw in his preface to John Bull's Other Island is concerned, not with the motive which leads men into the army, so much as with the social results of the military system, but his method is strikingly similar:

> The soldier is an anachronism of which we must get rid. . . He is politically and socially a child; with rations instead of rights, treated like a child, punished like a child; dressed prettily and washed and combed like a child; excused for outbreaks of naughtiness like a child, forbidden to marry like a child, and called Tommy like a child, etc.

If there is a fault of emphasis in Mr. Kaye's discussion of Mandeville, it is a tendency to rush too hastily to his defense and to excuse his more extreme views as mere fooling. Mandeville was writing about a society in itself paradoxical, of which the wellbeing was dependent on, and measured by, the prosperity of the few. Of such a society Mandeville considered, "the surest wealth consists in a multitude of laborious poor," and he deprecated charity schools as tending to educate the poor above their calling and election to do the dirty work of the world. He recognized in such a society the danger of unemployment ("The Death of half a Million of People could not cause a tenth Part of the Disturbance to the Kingdom, that the same Number of Poor unemploy'd would certainly create") which might be relieved by pestilence, or such a conflagration as the Fire of London. He saw also the necessity of constantly increasing consumption to keep pace with the acceleration of such a society. Even today we hear something more than echoes of Mandeville's

> Luxury
> Employ'd a Million of the Poor,
> And odious Pride a Million more.

As Professor Arthur O. Lovejoy points out, many of the fundamental ideas of Veblen's Theory of the Leisure Class are to be found in Mandeville's Remark M., on this passage. It is a commonplace that the waste of manufactured goods during the war brought to one group of capitalists in this country an increase of prosperity which they are now digesting; and on the other hand that the frugality in food which was then advocated threatened the solvency of another group. A leading packer lamented in those times that he was losing his best customer, the scavenger, and advocated "the full garbage pail" instead of "the full dinner pail" as the slogan of the nation's prosperity. And only the other day President Coolidge pointed out to the cotton manufacturers that one element in their hard winter of discontent was the fact that whereas woman formerly required six or seven yards of goods for the covering of her person she now gets along with one and one-quarter.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Main Themes and Criticism

Crotchets; a Few Short Musical Notes, by Percy A. Scholes. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50.

IN its pursuit of the Elixir of Life and the Philosopher's Stone the human race is probably quite incurable. What makes good music, we ask, and then argue the matter back and forth across the tunes and the development as though some special form of paralysis could allow musicians to write excellent developments who are quite incapable of composing equally good themes or could cripple the imaginations of composers the instant after the conception of a vigorous leading motive.

If we look only at the music, paying no attention for the time to the manner of its composition, it is possible to make a certain case for the themes as the Elixir of Immortality. At all events, when Mr. Scholes defines the issue as that of making silk purses of sows' ears, I am all for him and against his opponents in dispute. My adherence is made particularly easy, indeed, by the illustrations he has selected. His most important one is that of the fourth fugue (C sharp minor) of the Well Tempered Clavichord. Someone had suggested that great music may be "developed" out of insignificant material. But what is "insignificant" material? Here, says he, is an apparently insignificant tune: four notes—C sharp, B sharp, E, D sharp. That is all. Try it on your piano. Do you get the effect? Not unless you know that fugue. For the effect of this consummately potent four-note tune, though it turns in part upon the rising diminished fourth, just as Mr. Scholes says, turns still more upon the cadence, upon the metre, or the breathing upon which the notes are borne. As Bach wrote them, the first note and the last are twice as long as the two intermediate ones. The effect of this timing, when all are rendered slowly, is to divide this "insignificant" phrase into two parts, the first note and the other three: a simple declarative, qualified by a query—the length of the concluding note giving the further suggestion of pause. As the opening note indicates the minor, the mood of the whole is that of sadness taking the turn of sombre rumination.

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This sounds, no doubt, very like studying the dots of Shelly's i's, but it isn't. That tune is one of the most excruciatingly meaningful bits of music that has ever been written. I have often used it (on the piano) in illustration of just such a disquisition as this and never without conveying to the hearer, however indifferent he might be to the subtleties of musical composition, a living and moving sense of the significance of those four notes. Mr. Scholes is certainly quite right in holding that a very great fugue was sure to follow the creation of a theme of such uncanny power, just as a recent writer in the American Mercury was preposterously wrong in laying out the theme of the first movement of the Beethoven piano sonata, Opus 111, along with a couple of Negro airs, as a case of relatively trifling matter that had been blown up to greatness by being treated in a grand manner. If there is to be found anywhere in the library of music so great that it is never played outside the musical capitals a more potent phrase than that, I hope I may hear it tomorrow. Opinions differ about Beethoven's "development." It is the fashion among the most advanced to find him tiresome. But there is nothing tiresome about the whir and crash, the triplet-of-sixteenth-notes footwork, and sledgehammer blows in quarter notes, C, E flat, B natural, of that Dempsey among tunes! At least, this was the first expression of doubt I have encountered.

I do not mean to put emphasis ahead of pitch, but rather to indicate that it is the precision of emphasis that comes of a perfect matching of harmony and metre that makes a perfect theme. The whole matter is contained in another of Mr. Scholes's illustrations. To prove how subtle is the arrangement of the note-atoms in the molecule of a theme he cites the supremely simple theme with which Beethoven announces his Fifth Symphony, a trio of G's and a long E flat, and then he weakens it experimentally by making the last G an F. Then, to protect his exposed flank, Mr. Scholes appends a footnote to the effect that this form does actually occur later in the movement though not, he thinks, in such a way as to weaken his argument. Decidedly not! As every man, woman, and child above the age of two, in the civilized world will bear witness, that theme when it occurs in the form of a descent via F is extended beyond the E flat to a final D which serves to break it off with the snap of an elaborate spark—the concluding note emphasizing the descent by its lower pitch and by the simultaneous vigor of its metrical delivery.

If Mr. Scholes had applied the same principles to popular music which serve him so well here he could have dispelled what appears to be a permanent perplexity of his. But he would also have had to read up a bit in popular music. Why is popular music so bad, he inquires, and partially answers his own question by remarking that most jazz, like most serious composition, is bad of its kind and makes little or no impression even on its own consumers. But in view of the obviously stolen patches (it is too bad we no longer call them "rags") which are machine-tailored to a standard pattern to make the orthodox "song hit," Mr. Scholes despairs even of the best. He need not! Even in jazz there is a certain art, obvious and uncomplicated as any folk-art must be, yet nevertheless exacting in its way. Often the gates to fame and fortune are opened by a single phrase. That was true, I think, of the much-dissected "Bananas." A staccato tonic for the exclamatory "Yes!" a perfect reproduction of the colloquial cadence of "bananas"; a million dollars in royalties! Many critics have pointed out that that opening phrase is stolen from the Hallelujah Chorus. But what they have failed to note is that it is an improvement upon Handel. "Yes!" I submit, is a quite distinct improvement upon "Hal—"! At this moment a song hit is going the rounds which draws its élan vital from the descending arpeggio of the simple major triad wedded—but how perfectly wedded!—to the words "Lady, be good!" Given a single word, if it be the key word, that really catches on, and the rest doesn't matter.

But of course the hand that pens the golden word is pretty sure to have the Midas touch. That is the real secret—of jazz, of the significant themes that develop greatly, of a certain excellence in criticism. Great music is not made of simpering melodies; neither can great criticism be compounded of diddling opinions. But musicians who are capable of masterly development do not write melodies that simper (except when they are too drunk, or too sober) and critics who can write the English language with the precision, the good humor, and the uproarious good fun of Mr. Scholes somehow manage to avoid harboring the opinions of idiots. As much thought is expended in editorial offices at least, upon the question whether criticism turns upon the marvelously acute scent of the literary, or artistic, or dramatic hound, or upon the perfection of his running gait, as Mr. Scholes and his colleagues have given to the dreadful problem of themes versus development. Crotchets seems to me to resolve both puzzles by its implicit qualities as well as by its author's overt wisdom. Choose either one: you can't go wrong. A sound style requires sound opinions; a clear head maketh a clever hand.

Mr. Scholes's musical opinions are too engagingly expressed not to be worth serious attention.

C. E. AYRES.

The Newspaper Headline

The Development and Significance of the Newspaper Headline. By Helen Ogden Mahin. Ann Arbor, Michigan: George Wahr, Publisher.

AMERICA'S most distinctive literary form is the newspaper headline. This thesis may be advanced in all seriousness, for the writing of headlines is exactly as much an art as the writing of sonnets. In its necessary condensation, in its slavery to arbitrary canons, it is, moreover, a related art. There may be more bad headlines than bad sonnets—though this is by no means to be taken for granted—but a good headline is pleasing to the eye, rolls musically from the tongue, and satisfies an emotion. It is concise, picturesque and dramatic, and as it helps fix the pattern by which most men think about their world it has a social importance beyond that of the more classic phases of the literary art. The more one considers the matter the more easily one falls in with Miss Mahin's belief that the headline more than most things expresses the genius of America. It is the literature of the multitude and of change, and is not America summed up in those two words?

The headline has, for Miss Mahin, the glamor of a great democratic instrument. It is, for her, a product of human freedom, a symptom of the decay of aristocracies. "Only where the people are at once untrammeled in self-expression and their own ruler," she believes, "can a spontaneous and striking universal mode of expression have existence." Such a mode of expression she sees in the headline. In support of this reasoning she demonstrates that this feature of journalism has evolved as democracy has spread and

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circulations have grown. A careful study of the files shows only a few headlines of the modern sort, that is, dramatic condensations of the news—prior to the Civil War. Almost all of these, as it happens, announce the results of battles. War and headlines, it seems, have a natural affinity for each other, as Messrs. Hearst and Pulitzer first demonstrated on a heroic scale in the brave days of '98. The Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish War and the World War were each marked by an advance in headline technique. But the earlier war headlines were more likely to be mere titles or outbursts of emotion than, like the modern ones, a projection in large type of the story itself. It is a far cry from the one-column "Victory! Union! Peace!" with which the New York Times announced Appomattox to what Miss Mahin calls "the bullet-like impact of the single huge-typed line" in such heads as "Haig Breaks Foe's Drive," or "the many syllables beating in, like the hoofs of stampeding horses or the heavy guns of battle" in this from the New York Times of 1918:

French and Americans Sweep Foe to North,
Gaining Two Miles Above Chateau Thierry;
British Rush in on Enemy's Left Flank.

Headwriting traditions grew slowly, with many lapses. Thus, in November, 1861, the New York Evening Post announced, Mason and Slidell Caught—a perfectly good head by modern standards. Yet two years later the same paper was capable, shudder though one may at the thought, of printing war news under such captions as The Army of the Potomac, or Everything Quiet Today. In New York City, during reconstruction days, the soddenness of journalism revealed itself in news reports grouped under Notes from the Capital, Married, and The Gallows. Later there was a frantic flippancy, giving birth to such horrors as Brooklyn's Bake, over the account of a theatre fire, Exit Greeley, and the legendary Jerked to Jesus.

The new era began with Pulitzer's purchase of the New York World in 1883. It seems to have been Pulitzer who published the first banner head as well as the first two-column head. The use of inflammatory headlines by both Pulitzer and Hearst on the eve of the Spanish War and their typographical excesses during the war are possibly more important in American history than the battle of Santiago. There was a reaction, but both the literary form of the headline and its relation to the accompanying news then became fixed. "From the day of Dewey's victory at Manila," Miss Mahin states, "the head was indisputably the supreme feature of editing, and no means of adding to it the quality which in the office is called punch . . . was neglected." So profound was this change that the headlines of the eighties and early nineties seem written in a foreign tongue. No modern journalist who has sat at a copy desk can re-read them without aching to do the job again and do it right.

In confining herself to the headline Miss Mahin has, perhaps necessarily, paid little attention to the close relationship between the technique of headlines and that of the news "lead." Except typographically the two can scarcely be distinguished. Each has the same object, to summarize an event in a minimum of space. Together they constitute a confession that the great bulk of matter in modern newspapers is, for most readers, a complete waste. Headlines, "freak" layouts, "boxes," and other devices of the make-up man are symptoms of a growing restlessness. The modern reader of newspapers cannot be counted upon for sustained attention. A solid page of type repels him, and he is attracted by a page broken up, so to speak, into eyefuls, corresponding to his brief intervals of concentration. If it were not for the necessity of finding printed matter as a frame for advertisements newspapers could be published on half or a third of the white paper now devoted to them. The headlines and the "leads" are all (at least outside the sporting pages, radio supplements and columns of miscellaneous crime) that the vast majority bother about.

This means, of course, that the features selected for emphasis by editors and copy-readers are the ones which impress the readers. "News" is not so much what happens as what is printed. Important news is news on the first page, at the top of a page, or set off by black type. Thus the journalistic picture of the country and of the world is possibly as imaginative and idealized as that of the Greek world in Homer. The headline writer can change a thousand opinions to the editorial writer's one, can produce riots and wars, can, collectively, determine a people's sense of values. Indeed, he must do so, whether he wills it or not, for there is no escape from his dilemma of emphasis. He can choose but he cannot remain neutral.

The headline began as a tag or label; now, as Miss Mahin says, it is "not merely the most important feature of the article, but the article itself." Miss Mahin thinks it should meet its responsibilities by sacrificing "those qualities of display whose impact is purely emotional and whose effect is hysterical." Probably the headline writer should make this sacrifice but probably, also, human nature being the emotional, and even hysterical thing it is, he will not. We must expect our news to be doctored and colored. The danger is that it will be doctored and colored to suit narrow and autocratic tastes, and that democracy will be hoist with its own petard—the free and untrammelled press.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS.

The Red Clyde

Cancer of Empire, by William Bolitho. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

WE hear of strikes and shop-steward movements on Clyde, we hear of the Scottish M. P.'s on the extreme labor left creating disturbance in the House of Commons, we hear of Kirkwood refusing to welcome the Prince of Wales. For the soil of this red bud of revolution some look to Moscow; William Bolitho, however, dug in the decay and filth of its roots in Glasgow.

He found two-thirds of the population living in houses below the minimum standard of the Board of Health, families of six or seven in one room without separation of male and female, age and youth, well and sick, family and boarder. He found dwelling places in which it was impossible to read by daylight even in summer, without air, cleanliness or sanitation; he found incest; he found "ticketed houses" in which the sleeping mound of humanity was awakened at all hours of the night by official inspectors; he found death rates of children doubled by crowding. On the mantels of these "suburbs nearest to hell" he saw pathetic ornaments—miniature pillar boxes of brass, a neat pyramid of condensed milk tins polished bright outside but unwashed inside. And he found the awful, solid smell.

There is nobody to blame; it has been so for centuries. Housing schemes have come and gone, tenements have been cleared out, new ones built, pure water provided, legal restrictions enforced. Still remains the blight of economic

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forces: the pay of the majority of workers is too low to make it profitable to build good houses for them. The landlords are nearly as badly off as the tenants. Even government subsidies do not reduce rents enough to benefit any but the lower middle class and the artisans. The pay of the workers cannot be substantially increased by a shipbuilding industry now suffering from depression, and always subject to severe competition.

The revolt does not come from the poorer human beings sunk in the mud of misery so deep that they cannot dream except through polished milk tins; it comes from the artisans much better off who can still be uncomfortable, who feel the quicksands rising about them, who look with pity on the submerged and with horror on their own possible fate. To the dogged, logical and independent Scot, smelling the Glasgow slums, the slogans "Everyone must work" and "A sufficiency for every worker" are not mere pretty phrases, but a solemn religion. When we look, first at the inert and then at those who cry revolution, it is impossible to escape the conviction that in such circumstances submergence is the greater peril.

Do you think this sort of thing is far away and in Glasgow alone? If so, go through some of the New York tenements which are so insanitary and dangerous that it has been illegal to build them since 1901, which house perhaps half of the city's population, which are worse crowded today than they were a decade ago. We have not reached the depths of Glasgow, but we are on the way. Here too, as in every large city in the industrial occident, houses cannot be provided for a large part of the population under the present distribution of income and under the profit system. In Glasgow it is too late to remove the cancer. Here, there may still be hope in regional and community planning, if we start soon.

I cannot leave the impression that Bolitho has written a bare study of poverty and housing. His little book is rich in pictures, images, rhythms, associations. Reading it is a deep and sombre pleasure. McKissack, who did the illustrating photographs, is, in a measure, as Doré to Dante.

GEORGE SOULE.

Ossendowski On Russia

The Shadow of the Gloomy East, by Ferdinand A. Ossendowski. Translated by F. F. Czarnomski. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

THE third of Ossendowski's books to reach the English-speaking public appears to have a more specific object than its predecessors. The others were content to deal with description and adventure. The aim of the present one would seem to be propaganda. We are conscious of the endeavor of the author, as an inflamed Pole, to crowd Russia out of Europe and to push her back into Asia.

Though he gives a retrospect over Russia's past twenty years, he does not attempt to add still another report to the many lately attempted on the country's present political and economic condition. Much more fatally, he endeavors to give the fundamentals of the Russian character, as manifested in social usages and individual idiosyncrasies. He weaves a tissue of horrors. He finds among the lower orders the prevalence of sorcery, demon-worship, the baser forms of spiritualism, and belief in a malign supernaturalism, with accompaniment of violence and cruelty. He reports among the upper classes—now, indeed, practically extinct—the most sensational immoralities and corruptions. Ranging the Russias from the Baltic to the Pacific, he finds nothing to choose between the nearer provinces along the Neva and the remoter districts on the Amur. All alike are Asia. But the brighter side of Asiatic psychology and morals is absent. What he finds manifested is the less favorable side of oriental life, in its most criminal and sinister aspects. Mr. Ossendowski is convinced, for a conclusion, that Russia is a menace to the Western world and that civilized mankind will be compelled to enter that dour land for its salvation and ours; not so much with trade missions and projects for currency reform as with the determination "to constrain men who have lost their reason, their honor, and their country to work out their salvation." The anarchic Tartar cannot be left to himself.

The author works out his gloomy picture with consistent thoroughness. But the picture is without shading or contrasts, and after a little the reader follows the various horrors almost unmoved. He even begins to wonder what the same procedure, applied to another country, might result in—our own, for example. Suppose that some cultivated but disgruntled Cuban or Filipino were to put to similar use material that the United States could so readily supply. Herrin, voodoo, oil, gangs, Dowieism, lynchings, "Westerns," black-and-tan-cafés, fundamentalism, the Ohio crowd at Washington. . . . A member of some subject and alien race, with a sense of injustice and oppression, would have us at his mercy, while he communicated almost any sort of impression he pleased. Let us dwell, rather, on the "amazing potentialities" of Russia, just as we have been accustomed to dwell, a little fondly, it may be, on our own.

Mr. Czarnomski makes a spirited translation of a spirited text, although some non-Slav might have retouched it, here and there, to advantage. As for Mr. Ossendowski's credentials, heretofore under some slight suspicion, they become rather more clarified with each succeeding volume. His earlier reports on Siberia (when freed from his trend toward fictive manipulation) remain substantiated by authentic travels. His realistic and detailed account of Petersburg high life in the later days of the former régime is due, we gather, to his employment as a tutor in one of the palaces of the Russian aristocracy. Here, probably, is the case of a man who is so sure of being believed on the strength of his own tale that he takes his own time in telling us why.

HENRY B. FULLER.

Sidelights of the Revolution

The Spirit of the Revolution, by John C. Fitzpatrick: Houghton, Mifflin Company. Boston. $4.

SIDELIGHTS of the Revolution would be a better title for this book, which consists of a series of chapters on little known matters of detail concerning the American Revolution. Some of the information is curious and very interesting, and it is just such information as is not to be obtained in the regular histories; only an expert versed in out-of-way historical sources could give it. For instance, we have often wondered as to the appearance of the Continental Army, for, of course, the ordinary pictures are worthless. It appears from Mr. Fitzpatrick's book that the Revolutionary army was first clad in brown for the most part, with the exception of the white hunting-shirts of the Virginia riflemen. Then blue began to be used, and in 1779

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blue coats were regularly adopted—when materials for making coats could be obtained. The coats were at first faced with white but near the end of the war with red, and this was the final uniform of the Continental Army. It is also interesting to know that while there were no regular bands in the army organizations of drums and fifes were highly prized.

Another curious matter is the history of the Declaration of Independence—that is, of the document itself. Mr. Fitzpatrick has carefully examined the various drafts of the immortal paper, especially Jefferson's, and has definite opinions as to contributions made by Franklin and others. The Declaration narrowly escaped destruction when the government buildings at Washington were burned by the British in 1814, being saved by the exertions of a patriotic citizen.

There is much information about Washington—his various headquarters during the war, his aides, his visiting card, and other matters. Washington's expense account for the Valley Forge period is another item of note. From this it would appear that sufferings of the army at Valley Forge have been somewhat exaggerated, as Washington was able to set before his military household for Christmas dinner of 1777 geese and turkeys, potatoes, turnips and cabbage.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, the author, by many years of service in the manuscript department of the Library of Congress, has acquired a detailed knowledge of the Revolution such as few other men in the country can boast. He has put his knowledge to good use in his book, which contributes not a little to history in the shape of these gossipy bits about men and affairs not to be found elsewhere.

H. J. ECKENRODE.

Contributors

J. M. KEYNES, editor of the Economic Journal, was the principal representative of the British Treasury at the Paris Peace Conference, and deputy for the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Supreme Economic Council. He is the author, among other books, of Economic Consequences of the Peace and Monetary Reform.

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